PHOTOPLAY

January 1948

15¢

Greer Garson
By Paul Hesse

Christmas Story

By
GREER GARSON

RING IN THE NEW . . . a new beauty-thrill for you! Besides revealing up to 33 percent more lustre than any soap or soap shampoo, Drene, with Hair Conditioning action, leaves your hair smooth and easy to manage right after your shampoo. For this party hair-do, Drene Girl Arline Dahlman ties all her hair high in back and swirls it around on top.

ON CHRISTMAS MORNING, Arline sweeps her hair into two side loops, with a top curl for added height. "And for added glamour," she says, "I always keep my hair Drene-clean." Drene is not a soap shampoo . . . never leaves dulling film on hair as all soaps do. And . . . Drene removes unsightly dandruff flakes the first time you use it.

Holiday Headlines

No other shampoo leaves your hair more lustrous, yet so easy to manage!

Christmas at its merriest . . . New Year's at its happiest . . . and lovely *you* at your loveliest . . . your Drene-clean hair shining-bright, alight with all its natural lustre!

Here, famous Magazine Cover Girl and Drene Girl, Arline Dahlman, shows you the two holiday hair-dos she likes best. "But first," suggests Arline, "make sure your hair is at its gleaming, glamorous best . . . by using Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioning action." No other shampoo leaves your hair more lustrous, yet so easy to manage.

Drene **Shampoo with Hair Conditioning Action**

"You're Fired!"

CUPID: Can't fire me, Missy. I quit. I–

GIRL: Loafer!

CUPID: –can't do anything for a Granite Face who won't even break down and beam at a man once in a while!

GIRL: Ho! And what've I got to *beam* with, pray? I brush my teeth–and regularly– but there's no beam about them!

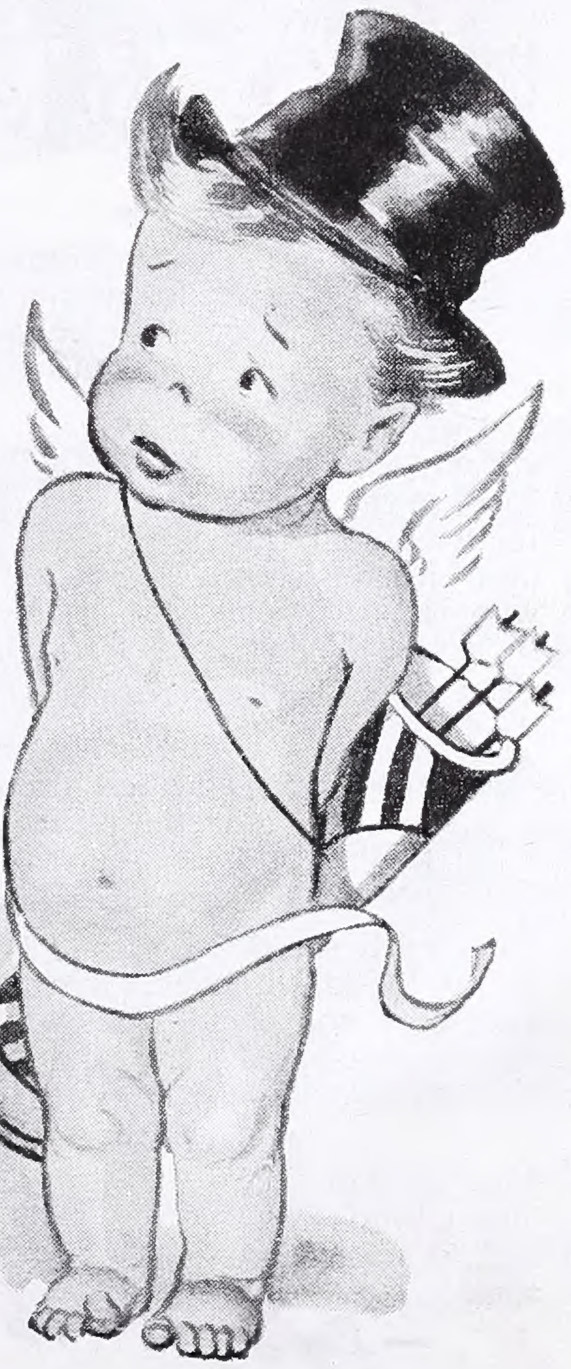
CUPID: But there is "pink" on your tooth brush, perhaps?

GIRL: Only lately. And only a touch... *Why?*

CUPID: That's for your dentist to say, Sis. Because even a tinge of "pink" is a warning to *see your dentist*. Let him decide, not you. He may say it's simply a case of soft foods robbing your gums of exercise. If so, he may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

GIRL: Ah-h-h. And right away I've got a smile like Klieg lights, huh?

CUPID: Not so fast, Muffinhead. Sparkling smiles call for sound teeth. And sound teeth for healthy gums. And Ipana's designed not only to clean teeth but, with massage, to help gums. And if your dentist suggests gentle massage with Ipana when you brush your teeth . . . *pay attention!* You'll be off to the man-trappingest smile you ever wore! Check on it!



For the Smile of Beauty–

Ipana and Massage

Product of Bristol-Myers

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S

LION'S ROAR

Published in this space every month

The greatest star of the screen!

Ah! Just wait "Till The Clouds Roll By"—and the stars come out!

★ ★ ★

M-G-M's love-and-song story of Jerome Kern is on its way . . . teeming with talent, Technicolor and 25 Kern hits.

★ ★ ★

To make hearts go pitter-patterer, June Allyson sings "Cleo-patterer".

★ ★ ★

Lucille Bremer pleads lyrically for "One More Dance" and Van Johnson replies, "I Won't Dance"—but he does, and how!

★ ★ ★

Then there's Judy Garland as Marilyn Miller, singing the haunting "Who?".

★ ★ ★

Kathryn Grayson and Tony Martin are the melodic romancers of "Showboat".

★ ★ ★

Torchy Lena Horne sings "Can't Help Lovin' Dat Man". Angela Lansbury "swings" a tune.

★ ★ ★

Virginia O'Brien scores with "A Fine Romance". Dinah Shore stops the show with "The Last Time I Saw Paris".

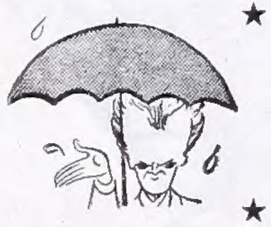
★ ★ ★

Frank Sinatra provides a spectacular musical climax with "Ol' Man River".

★ ★ ★

All this as you thrill to the colorful events in the life of Jerome Kern who is portrayed by Robert Walker.

★ ★ ★



As Kern's arranger and best friend, Van Heflin returns to the screen in triumph.

★ ★ ★

Director Richard Whorf and Producer Arthur Freed, with screenwriters Myles Connolly and Jean Holloway, have woven story and song and splendor miraculously together.

★ ★ ★

Yes, just wait "Till The Clouds Roll By". It's pure sunshine!

—*Leo*

FAVORITE OF AMERICA'S "FIRST MILLION" MOVIE-GOERS FOR 36 YEARS

PHOTOPLAY

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Natural color photograph by Paul Hesse

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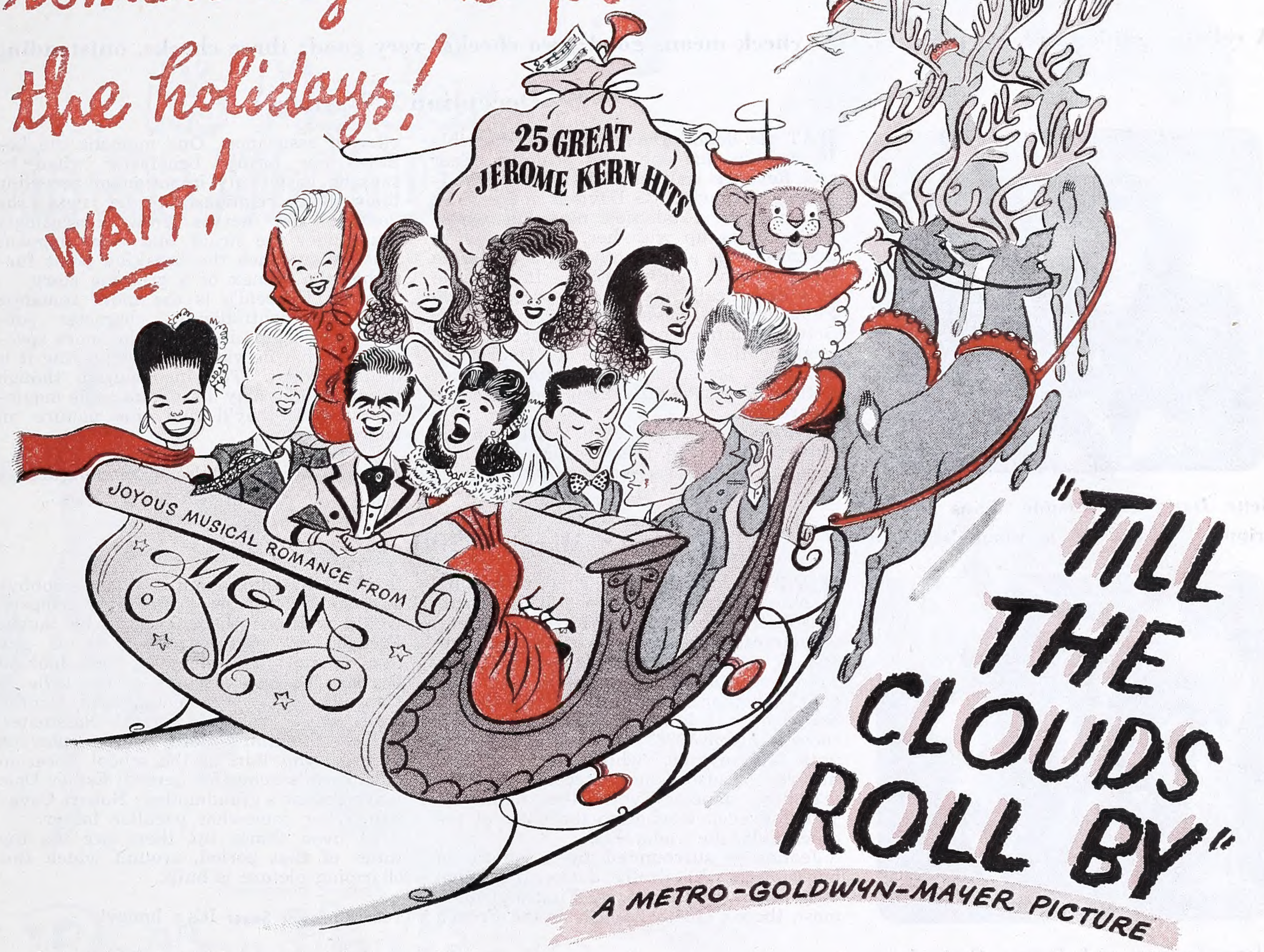
You're going to get something nice for the holidays!

WAIT!



"TILL THE CLOUDS ROLL BY"

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

Starring (alphabetically)

JUNE ALLYSON ★ LUCILLE BREMER ★ JUDY GARLAND

as the dazzling musical comedy star! as Jerome Kern's immortal "Sally"! as glorious Marilyn Miller!

KATHRYN GRAYSON ★ VAN HEFLIN ★ LENA HORNE

as Magnolia of "Show Boat" fame! as the father of the real "Sally"! as the girl who loved "Bill"!

VAN JOHNSON ★ ANGELA LANSBURY ★ TONY MARTIN

as the singing, dancing bandleader! as the music hall nightingale! as the dashing gambler "Gaylord"!

VIRGINIA O'BRIEN ★ DINAH SHORE ★ FRANK SINATRA

as the gal with a yen for men! as the siren of the sultry voice! as the singing idol of millions!

ROBERT WALKER (as Jerome Kern) In Technicolor

Story by GUY BOLTON • Adapted by GEORGE WELLS • Screen Play by MYLES CONNOLLY and JEAN HOLLOWAY

Based on the Life and Music of JEROME KERN • Directed by RICHARD WHORF • Produced by ARTHUR FREED • A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

HEAR "SMOKE GETS IN YOUR EYES", "OL' MAN RIVER", "ALL THE THINGS YOU ARE", "WHO?", "TILL THE CLOUDS ROLL BY" AND MANY MORE!

The Shadow Stage

A reliable guide to recent pictures. One check means good; two checks, very good; three checks, outstanding

Bette Davis and Claude Rains in the gripping drama of a woman's deceit

✓✓ Deception (Warners)

DAT ole debbil Deceit rears its horrible head in this one with Jealousy, Fear and Revenge trailing in its wake. Handsomely gowned Bette Davis is at her most dramatic as a talented musician whose past catches up with her, driving her to invent one lie after another in a desperate effort to save her marriage. In the role of a diabolically clever composer, Claude Rains plays a cat-and-mouse game with Bette, taunting her to distraction and arousing the jealousy of Paul Henreid, a European 'cellist, finally reunited with Bette in America after their long wartime separation.

Bette wants to get Paul started on his musical career in this country, but distrusts Claude's seemingly magnanimous offer of assistance. One moment she believes her former benefactor when he says he hasn't any intention of revealing their true relationship, the next she doesn't. Her nerves grow increasingly taut under the strain, and what happens when they reach the breaking point furnishes the climax of a gripping story.

While Henreid's is the more romantic role, the contradictory character portrayed by Rains is by far the more spectacular; that he vastly enjoys playing it is quite evident. The inconclusive though logical ending may disappoint some moviegoers; still, they'll find this picture an engrossing one.

Your Reviewer Says: Pulse-quickening drama.

Glenn Langan and Jeanne Crain in a nostalgic film of not so very long ago

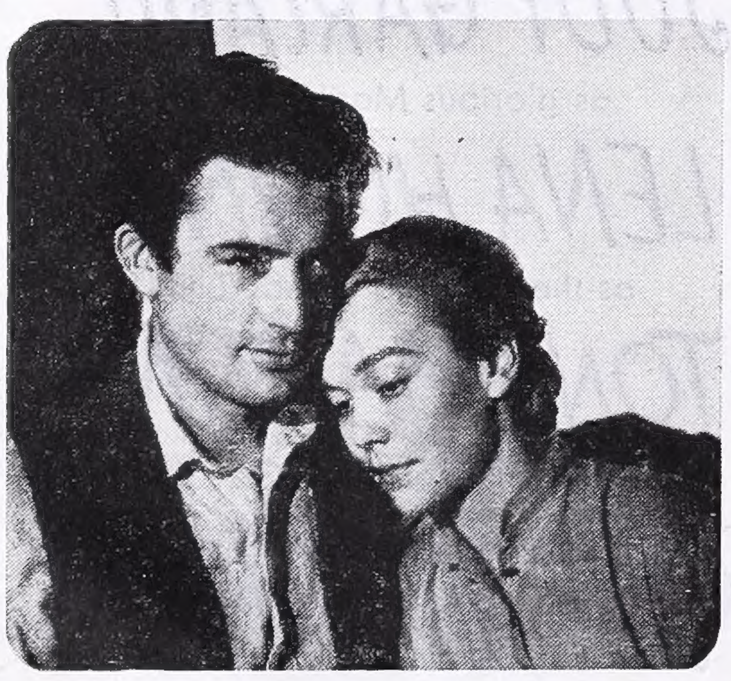
✓✓ Margie (20th Century-Fox)

HEAR ye, hear ye! This refreshing, chucklesome comedy, set in the Thrilling Twenties and fairly loaded with talent, is guaranteed to give you a lift. As teenage *Margie,* Jeanne Crain's joys and sorrows are something to smile and sigh over. Whether she's losing her best bloomers right out in public (did they wear those things in 1928?) or longing for a date with "Johnnykins," who is hot stuff with his red roadster and raccoon coat; or dreamily dancing with the handsome young French teacher to the envy of the other kids, she's adorable.

Jeanne is surrounded by a coterie of newcomers who drolly demonstrate that they know their business. First and foremost, there's Glenn Langan as the French teacher. No doubt about it—today's bobby-soxers, as well as yesterday's flappers, would welcome the chance to be taught French, or anything else, by a guy like Glenn. Fast-stepping, pert-looking Barbara Lawrence scores as the belle of Central High. Alan Young and Conrad Janis are a pair of comical classmates. Among the film's more familiar players, there's Lynn Bari as the school librarian out to win teacher for herself; Esther Dale plays Jeanne's grandmother, Hobart Cavanaugh her somewhat peculiar father.

To liven things up, there are the top tunes of that period, around which this charming picture is built.

Your Reviewer **Says:** It's a honey!



Gregory Peck and Jane Wyman in an artistic production of early America

✓✓ The Yearling (M-G-M)

NO effort or expense has been spared to make this an artistically perfect production. Florida of 1870 is the locale of this Technicolor treatment of Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings's Pulitzer Prize novel.

Penny Baxter (Gregory Peck) does his best to provide for his wife and son, but marauding beasts, thieving neighbors and bad weather constantly conspire against him. Contrary to the novel, there's a fine understanding between him and his boy *Jody* who learns the hard way what it means to love something very much only to lose it. In *Jody's* case, it's a baby fawn found in the forest and raised with loving care. Claude Jarman Jr. gives a poignant portrayal of the dreamy-eyed, backwoods youngster. Lean and lanky Gregory Peck is easy on the eyes and ears. As *Jody's* crippled playmate, Don Gift turns in a sensitive performance.

Chief acting honors, however, indisputably belong to Jane Wyman as *Ma Baxter.* Devoid of glamorizing make-up, Jane doesn't *play,* she *is* a care-worn, embittered woman with one goal in life: Food and shelter, and maybe a well outside her door so she needn't trek a mile for every drop of precious water.

The photography at moments is a little too lush and so are some of the sentimental passages between father and son. Some sequences are overlong. Yet, every child who ever pleaded for a pet and every parent who heeded or denied that plea will find this a memorable picture.

Your Reviewer Says: Colorful Americana.

(*Continued on page* 6)

For Best Pictures of the Month and Best Performances See Page 8

For Complete Casts of Current Pictures See Page 102

For Brief Reviews of Current Pictures See Page 102

It's Murder in the Mirth Degree!

Betty's a gal who can't tell the truth to save her life. Sonny's the lawyer who has a terrific case on her! And you're the folks who are gonna howl at 'em for ninety minutes on end!

Paramount presents

Betty Hutton

and

Sonny Tufts

in

"Cross My Heart"

...'n hope to die laughing!

with MICHAEL CHEKHOV

Produced by Harry Tugend · Directed by John Berry

Screen Play by Harry Tugend and Claude Binyon · Additional Dialogue by Charles Schnee · Based on a Play by Louis Verneuil and Georges Berr

(*Continued from page 4*)

✔ Temptation (Universal-International)

THERE'S a curious contest on to see which one of the screen's leading ladies can play the world's most wicked woman. Among recent perpetrators of murderous misdeeds are Bette Davis ("Deception"), Olivia de Havilland ("The Dark Mirror") and Hedy Lamarr ("The Strange Woman"). Now along comes Merle Oberon in this turbulent drama of illicit love, looking very exotic in her form-fitting gowns, and acting even more so.

Toast to "Temptation" by stars Charles Korvin and Merle Oberon, involved in movie of intrigue and murder scheming

Merle's a beautiful-but-broke divorcee of shoddy repute. Seeking respectability and security, she makes a play for George Brent, wealthy archeologist. His doctor-friend, Paul Lukas, has misgivings but is unable to prevent the marriage. While in Egypt, where Brent fools around with a lot of musty mummies, Merle takes up with Charles Korvin, a consummate liar and cheat who sees in Merle a kindred spirit. Hopelessly infatuated, she lets Charles talk her into poisoning her husband, only to discover she really loves the guy.

Merle is thoroughly convincing as a sorry schemer who plays with fire and pays the price. Brent's role of the too trusting husband is colorless and undistinguished; Lukas looks properly mournful as a man who knows his friend is being duped; Charles Korvin plays with a sure touch the rascally Egyptian. Lenore Ulric—quite a temptress herself in Dad's day—is fine as Merle's faithful French maid, justifiably appalled at her mistress's carryings-on. With its forbidden-fruit theme, this is dime-novel stuff definitely on the sombre side.

Your Reviewer Says: Not for the kiddies.

✔ The Strange Woman (Hunt Stromberg-UA)

NO mistake about it: Hedy Lamarr is a "baddie"—albeit a bewitching one—in this melodrama inspired by a Ben Ames Williams novel, with Bangor, Maine, of 1820 as its background.

Daughter of a drunken father (Dennis Hoey) and a wanton mother, she's determined to better herself. She marries the town's wealthy and aging merchant (Gene Lockhart) and, while posing as a good, devoted wife, secretly leads on his weak, cowardly son (Louis Hayward). Then George Sanders, boss of her husband's lumber camp, comes along and, for the first time, Hedy knows the meaning of love. Although George is engaged to be married to her best friend (Hillary Brooke), that's a trifling obstacle to such a ruthless woman.

Hedy presents a devastating portrait of a tantalizing and completely treacherous creature who meets her just deserts in the end. There's a splendid supporting cast; indeed, the acting is decidedly superior to the story. George Sanders, however, doesn't appear too comfortable as yet another victim of Hedy's wiles. Perhaps he's so used to pushing his women around that it's a distinct novelty to have one dominate him.

Your Reviewer Says: Strange indeed!

✔ My Darling Clementine (20th Century-Fox)

PRODUCED on a big scale, this colorful cops-and-robbers yarn is crammed to burstin' with gun-totin', hard-drinkin', fast-ridin', hot-tempered folk. It's back in the bad old days of Tombstone, Arizona, when gambling, cattle-rustling and carousing were rampant. Henry Fonda gives a forthright performance of the slow-talking but quick-acting marshal who knows how to settle a grudge. When he and his brothers (Tim Holt and Ward Bond) find their kid brother killed and their herd of cattle stolen, the feud is on between them and rascally old Walter Brennan and his four rascally sons.

Victor Mature plays with a flourish a reckless gambler who knows his days are numbered. As his Spanish sweetheart, Linda Darnell sneers and jeers her way through the film (on her it's becoming). In contrast to Linda's flamboyant style, Cathy Downs's wishy-washy role of the demure *Clementine*, who comes to Tombstone to save Victor from himself, offers scant opportunity to display any acting prowess.

"My Darling Clementine" marks the return of director John Ford and actors Henry Fonda, Victor Mature and Tim Holt from service in the armed forces. Among them, they've given us a rowdy, picturesque film but it's by no means of the same high calibre as those earlier Ford-Fonda productions: "Drums Along the Mohawk," "Grapes of Wrath" and "Young Mr. Lincoln."

Your Reviewer Says: Better than average Western.

Nocturne (RKO)

UP to a certain point, this murder mystery is easy enough to take. Then, in an attempt to pad it with a lot of false clues, it goes haywire. George Raft plays a sleuth as stubborn as he's snoopy.

When a popular song writer, with a reputation as a Casanova, is found fatally shot in his Hollywood home, having apparently met his Maker while composing a little thing called "Nocturne," Raft is convinced it's murder, not suicide as contended by the higher-ups on the force. Even when he loses his job because of his strange persistence, he keeps on trying to crack open the case, narrowing his search down to an actress (Lynn Bari) and her pretty sister (Virginia Huston). Even if she isn't the cooperating type, Lynn's a right smart looker and talker and Georgie is quite taken with her. However, he's not a man to neglect his duty so he goes on trying to establish her guilt.

A couple of other people pop up as likely suspects, among them a hard-boiled blonde (Myrna Dell) and a night club pianist (Joseph Pevney). Before the killer is finally unmasked there are two murders, one suicide and a near-gassing; also a nasty knock-down-drag-out fight between the dapper detective and a huge hoodlum (Bernard Hoffman) who somehow gets entangled in the whole mess. All this violence, dressed up in fancy double talk, fails to make up for a woeful lack of logic.

Your Reviewer Says: For jigsaw puzzle addicts.

✔ The Chase (Nebenzal-UA)

HOW a nice boy like Robert Cummings can get mixed up with a bad bunch is shown in this crime-packed picture based on Cornell Woolrich's novel, "The Black Path of Fear."

In true story-book style, Bob sets out to rescue the beautiful princess (Michele Morgan) from the tower except that, for its own good reasons, Hollywood has transformed her into the terror-stricken wife of gangster Steve Cochran, and she's locked up in a Miami mansion. Considering what an ogre her husband is, that Peter Lorre is his bodyguard, it's no wonder she's bent on getting away. There's a dream episode—nightmare is more the word for it!—but we won't give the show away by revealing where reality ends and make-believe begins. It's enough to warn you that this is liable to give *you* a nightmare if you're susceptible to that sort of thing.

As the target of all the rough and tumble business, Robert Cummings does a neat job. (He'd be so much more attractive, however, minus that five o'clock shadow.) Michele Morgan looks unhappy enough to awaken the chivalrous instincts of any red-blooded gent. Steve Cochran will give you goose pimples as the menace while the nonchalant Peter Lorre knocks off people with his habitual air of boredom.

Your Reviewer Says: A thriller-chiller.

(*Continued on page 8*)

WARNERS HIT A BRAND NEW NOTE IN MUSICALS!!!

"THE TIME THE PLACE AND THE GIRL"

IN TECHNICOLOR!!

JANIS PAIGE ★ MARTHA VICKERS ★ and CARMEN CAVALLARO

S.Z. SAKALL · ALAN HALE · ANGELA GREENE · DONALD WOODS AND ORCHESTRA

DIRECTED BY
DAVID BUTLER

PRODUCED BY
ALEX GOTTLIEB

Screen Play by Francis Swann, Agnes Christine Johnston & Lynn Starling • Original Story by Leonard Lee • Orchestral Arrangements by Ray Heindorf

(*Continued from page 6*)

Driftin' River (PRC)

IT'S law versus crime in a place called *Dow City,* crawling with tough hombres whose fingers start itchin' the moment they clutch a gun. And when the bullets run out, they can always fall back on old-fashioned fisticuffs.

The Army sends Eddie Dean to this cozy little corner to inspect horses for sale by one *J. C. Morgan* (Shirley Patterson). *J. C.,* it turns out, is a right pretty critter, running the ranch left to her by her father. When Eddie sizes up the situation he and his sidekick (Roscoe Ates) decide to stick around awhile. It's just as well because, among other dastardly deeds, the herd is stolen and some soldiers are killed. In between the fighting, Eddie Dean croons a couple of hill-billy ballads. He has a pleasant enough voice but his singing can't change this horse opera from being anything but stale stuff.

Your Reviewer Says: Thumbs down, pardner!

Gas House Kids (PRC)

AS the title suggests, this is full of dese-dem-dose characters against a slum setting. Billy Halop is the leader of the neighborhood gang who, despite their tough talk, are softies at heart. When they learn that a former policeman on their beat is back from the war hopelessly crippled and about to break his engagement, they put their heads together to see if they can hit upon a solution. Billy finds a wad of dough which seems to come from heaven until the rent collector is found murdered. Then a lot of questions are asked with Billy becoming Suspect No. 1.

In the romance department there's good-looking Robert Lowery as the vet and Teala Loring as his girl. They lend a sentimental touch to a film that isn't too good nor yet too bad. Story and acting are adequate even if the humor is as subtle as a baseball bat.

Your Reviewer Says: Take it or leave it.

Best Pictures of the Month

Deception

Margie

The Yearling

Humoresque

Best Performances

Bette Davis, Claude Rains and Paul Henreid in "Deception"

Jeanne Crain in "Margie"

Jane Wyman in "The Yearling"

John Garfield, Joan Crawford and Oscar Levant in "Humoresque"

Home in Oklahoma (Republic)

LIFE is cheap at a place called *Hereford Heaven,* which is anything but heavenly for the blokes at the wrong end of a gun. It's here that newspaper editor Roy Rogers and girl reporter Dale Evans check the possibility that a millionaire ranch owner didn't die accidentally, as first assumed, but met with foul play. Why did the deceased man's niece (Carol Hughes) only receive a paltry few thousand, with the bulk of his holdings going to twelve-year-old Lanny Rees? And where does Carol's foreman-sweetheart (George Meeker) come into the picture? Roy and Dale race each other to find out the answers.

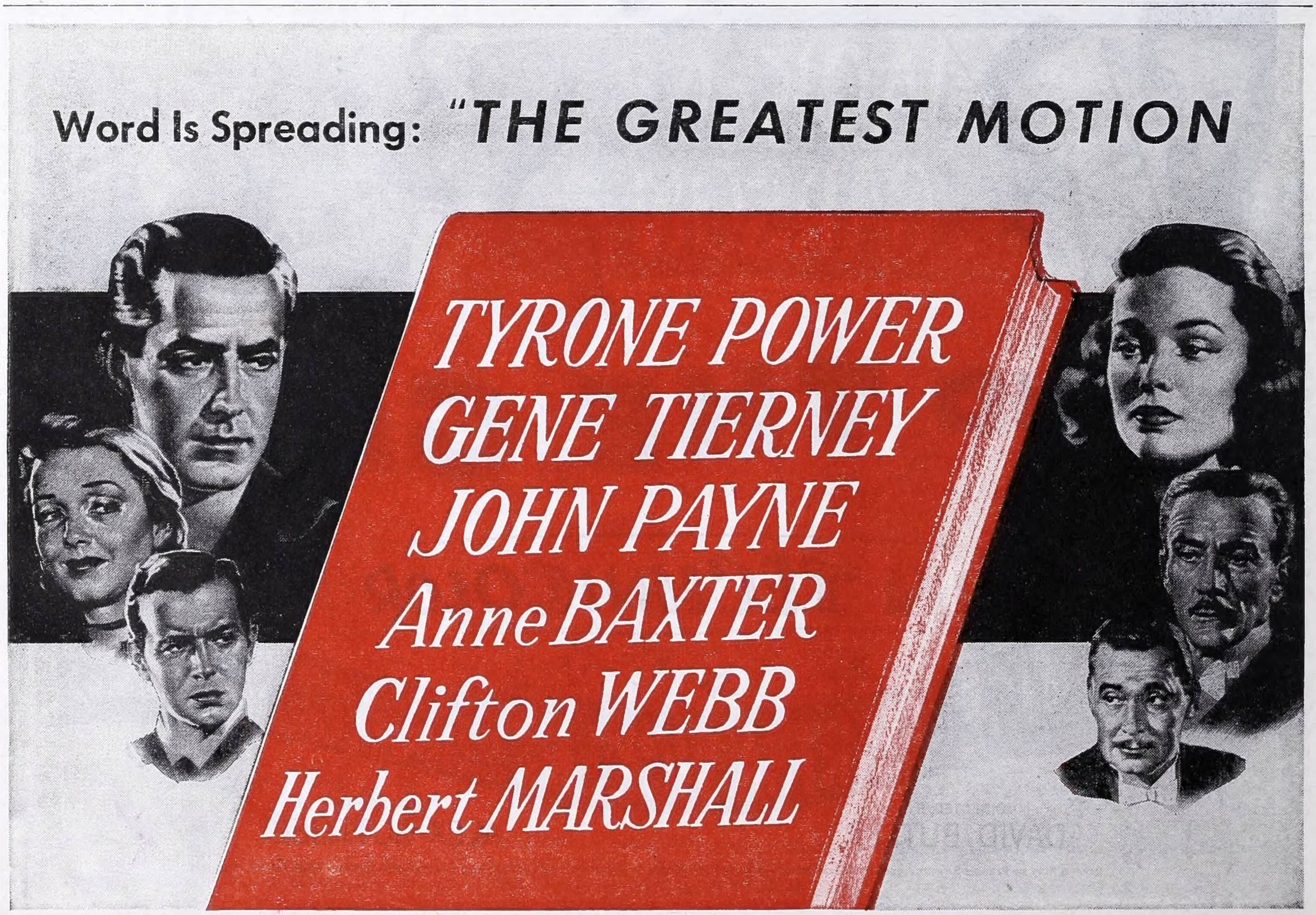
Aided by Bob Nolan and The Sons of the Pioneers, Roy strums and sings some cowboy ditties, delivered in his usual easy-does-it manner. While "Home in Oklahoma" moves at a fairly fast clip, it's short on the sort of surprises that keep you on the edge of your seat.

Your Reviewer Says: Murder on the range.

✓ Children of Paradise (Tricolor Films-UA)

DECIDEDLY off the beaten path is this serio-comic French picture presenting a so-called "slice of life"—and a very generous slice, too, inasmuch as it runs for two hours and forty minutes. There are ragged edges where the shears were applied, the original version having taken four hours.

Paris's "Boulevard of Crime," in the Nineteenth Century, attracts a motley assortment of characters, each unique enough to challenge an artist's brush. At the not so grand *Grand Theatre,* noisy throngs gather nightly to voice their approval or disapproval of the actors. Out of this kaleidoscope emerges a provocative beauty (Arletty) whose mocking manner and Mona Lisa smile arouse the admiration of four men. Before this fascinating *femme fatale* makes her final choice and the cur-



tain descends on a note of futility, they all indulge in philosophical and satirical observations (clarified by English titles) on life and *l'amour*.

Although this Gallic potpourri may leave you exhausted, it's a rewarding experience because of the outstanding acting all the way down the line.

Your Reviewer Says: Overlong film superbly acted.

✓ The Perfect Marriage (Paramount)

THERE'S more talk than action in this comedy based on Samson Raphaelson's play about a pair of young marrieds, Loretta Young and David Niven, who find that the bloom has worn off after ten years. Loretta, as a more than slightly disillusioned wife, tells off that husband of hers in no uncertain terms; to be sure, he's no slouch, either, when it comes to the art of snappy repartee.

Mona Griffith as *Cookie*, their beloved offspring, who can't bear to see them split up, injects some tender moments into the picture.

Virginia Field, as the friendly enemy of the family, looks and acts the part of the ultra-sophisticate. Eddie Albert is acceptable as an old flame of Loretta's, rarin' to take up where he left off ten years previously. Rita Johnson, Zasu Pitts and Jerome Cowan add lustre to the hand-picked cast.

Altogether, this superficial study of a perfect—well, *practically* perfect—marriage provides glittering film fare.

Your Reviewer Says: Hi-jinks among the smart set.

John Garfield as a struggling violinist and Joan Crawford as a patroness of the arts play on heart strings in "Humoresque"

✓✓ Humoresque (Warners)

FANNIE HURST'S story of the same title furnishes the springboard for a streamlined production that's highly effective though somewhat uneven. For at least two-thirds of the way, this ill-starred romance is genuinely entertaining; the last part, however, limps along until, out of sheer exhaustion, it comes to a frustrated finish. Curiously enough the weakness of the story at this point provides its star with the strangest acting opportunity of her career.

Joan Crawford, more radiant than ever, plays with verve a thrice-wed patroness of the arts whose weakness for strong drink marks her as an unhappy neurotic. Upon meeting John Garfield, a struggling violinist with more than a touch of genius (and the egotism that goes with it), she waves her wand—and lo, his career is launched! Although she assures him it's the artist, not the man, who interests her, subsequent events prove otherwise.

Garfield's able performance of a meaty role shows that, even if he is the truculent type, there's no need to restrict him to gangster and prizefighter parts. Credit glib, piano-playing Oscar Levant, as an understanding fellow-musician, with putting the humor in "Humoresque." His flawless delivery of some priceless lines make him Scene Stealer No. 1 among filmdom's feature players. Joan Chandler is very appealing as a girl whose devotion to Garfield remains unswerving through the years. J. Carrol Naish and Ruth Nelson are satisfactory parents to a boy destined for greater things than his pop's grocery store. Paul Cavanaugh is Joan's disillusioned but uncomplaining husband No. 3. All contribute toward making this an attention-demanding picture.

Your Reviewer Says: Music versus love again!

PICTURE I HAVE SEEN IN MY LIFE!"

Darryl F. Zanuck's production of

W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM'S

The Razor's Edge

20th CENTURY-FOX

Produced by DARRYL F. ZANUCK

Screen Play by LAMAR TROTTI

Directed by EDMUND GOULDING

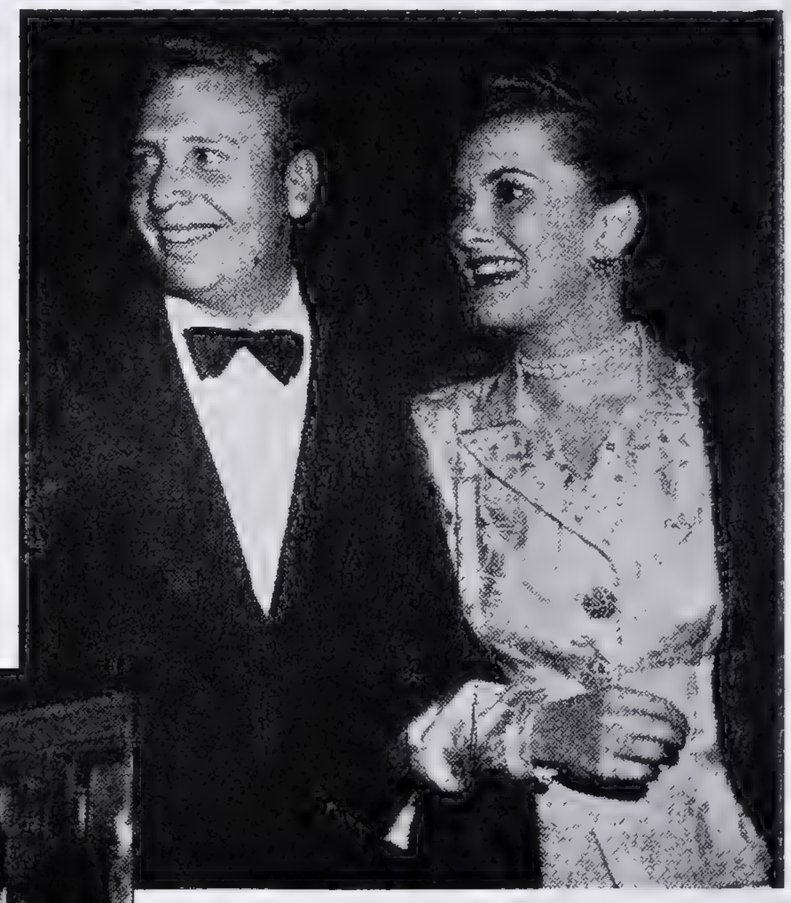
From the Novel by W. Somerset Maugham

Happy Birthday, Joan!

Gay goings-on for a surprised Joan who starred in a part she hadn't rehearsed!

Dinner partners in serious mood were lovely Gene Tierney and Sam Goldwyn

Joan thought she was on her way with husband Bill Dozier to an anniversary party. He suggested drinks at Romanoff's. For Joan—a surprise. For sale—one anniversary gift!



Birthday boosters—Skitch Henderson brought Anita Colby

In on the fun: Roz Russell and husband Freddie Brisson arrive at the party with happy birthday smiles

The mood's for food now the birthday song has been sung. Felix Jackson and wife Deanna Durbin table-talk with Bill Seider

Her Monstrous Secret
Wrecked 3 Men's Lives!
Not love...not money...
but a haunting hunger
drove her to lie, cheat,
steal. Why? . . . IT'S
THE STRANGEST
SECRET EVER
TOLD!
RKO
PRESENTS
The Locket
Starring
LARAINE DAY
BRIAN AHERNE
ROBERT MITCHUM
GENE RAYMOND
with
SHARYN MOFFETT · RICARDO CORTEZ
HENRY STEPHENSON
Produced by BERT GRANET · Directed by JOHN BRAHM
Written by SHERIDAN GIBNEY
RKO
RADIO
PICTURES

INSIDE STUFF

Photographs by

Looking up: John Hodiak and Anne Baxter at the Don Loper party

Hands across the table: The Gene Kellys at Finkle-hoff-Ella Logan fourth anniversary

Observed: Gail Russell and Guy Madison move as one shadow. At a party the other night the brunette Gail and blonde Guy went table hopping from group to group always together and looking divinely happy. Rumor has it producer David Selznick has suggested to his young star that romance is fine but marriage is out—which is why Gail and Guy are not taking the step, not just yet, that is . . . Diana Lynn broke her engagement to producer Henry Willson, as Cal prophesied, remember, but there's no one else in her life. So says Diana . . . Bob Walker and Mrs. Herbert Marshall have developed into a date-every-night routine which sends a lot of eyebrows skyward . . . Jack Carson, a former solid citizen who has gone completely "big time," is a studio worry . . . Sue and Alan Ladd are like a couple of kids with a new toy with that new Mayfair Restaurant that they bought down near the beach. They keep making excuses to have parties large and small in their home—just so *their* restaurant can cater the food. Very cute.

About face! Billy de Wolfe and Joan Caulfield halt the gay table talk at Ciro's for surprise look around

Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood

Fink and Smith

Van, here with Jimmy Durante, met Keenan Wynn in a movie trench

Then it was a steady trio with bachelor Van making the fun spots with Keenan and wife Evie

Is this prophetic? Friends say that when Evie becomes the ex-Mrs. Wynn she'll become Mrs. V. Johnson

These three: We hung up the phone after chatting with Evie Wynn convinced she was a troubled woman. Evie was off that very next moment to Las Vegas with her two children where she plans to divorce Keenan. "I feel so blue," she said. "One can't sever ties of eight years without a certain lost feeling. But both Keenan and I have known for several months our marriage is over and there is no use to go on. He has so many interests—his motors, his little theater work, his picture career—and I feel sure he'll be happier alone."

"And what's all this about Van Johnson?" we asked. "A radio columnist announced you and Van would marry after the divorce."

"I denied making such a statement in the morning papers," she said. "You can imagine how shocked I was at such a blunt statement and I'm sure if Van were listening he was too. As a friend, I tell you now there is no such definite arrangement."

Cal knows that to Van the Wynn home was

INSIDE STUFF

It happened in Las Vegas. Bob Hutton and his lovely bride, Cleatus Caldwell, pledge their happiness in champagne. Later, at the plane, Cleatus decides a topcoat is tops for two

his only real home in Hollywood.

He loved the two Wynn children, was a staunch friend of both Evie's and Keenan's and was welcomed in their home almost as a family member. When Keenan worked evenings, either at the theater or on his motor cars, it was Van who, at Keenan's request, escorted Evie to the various functions. Usually Peter Lawford or Keenan's father or a mutual friend accompanied them or dined with them on special occasions. Because he lived alone in a hotel, Van ate many dinners with Keenan and Evie. If he had a date elsewhere, the cook would look about disappointedly and demand to know where Mr. Johnson was. "And I made this special chocolate sauce," she'd complain.

Van, now on location, cannot be reached for a statement but Cal, who is a friend of Evie's, Keenan's and Van's, has been invited to visit Evie in Las Vegas and we feel sure the final word will be, "We three will always be friends." And why shouldn't they be?

Wedding Time: It was a gala wedding and the bride looked beautiful. Groom Bob Hutton, who almost missed the event, was properly nervous and the guests properly happy. In a flower-decked suite of the El Rancho Hotel in Las Vegas, Nevada, Bob and lovely Cleatus Caldwell took their vows before a small group of friends. Harry Ritz (of all people) openly wept while his own lovely wife consoled him. Jimmy Ritz led the champagne toasts, Bob's agents Al Malneck (his best man) and Louis Shurr beamed on their protege. Cleatus's beautiful mother smiled approval, for Bob was her choice, too. Actor Jimmy Lydon ("Life with Father") beamed on his cute wife who was matron of honor. Bob's mother, Mrs. Marguerite Hutton, back in Kingston, New York, was deluged with information, via telephone, about the event. Cal found himself trying to describe Cleatus's beautiful ankle-length gray lace frock and her Kenneth Hopkins gray lace bonnet. But no words could describe the vision she presented.

Dinner in the main dining room with an enormous cake followed with the guests from the hotel dropping by with congratulations. Cal was just plain thankful he got there at all for at 10:30 the night before he and Bob had set out together to drive the 300 odd miles to Nevada. On the freezing cold Cajon Pass, our front right tire blew out and a little later the rear one gave way. After several hours' delay in Barstow we finally managed to wangle some replacements and at eight in the morning wearily drove into the hotel driveway.

"And to think," Bob said on the way, "I married Martha Vickers all day on the set with no mishaps at all."

Too weary to attempt the drive home, Bob, his bride and Cal took off that night in a small private plane for California. The couple have taken a house out in the Valley and after Bob completes two films he's working on, the popular pair will be at home to their many friends.

Town Notes: Ann Sothern is playing golf on the same links as her estranged husband, Bob Sterling. Once in a while they meet and speak politely. Our guess is both are finding this separation business a bit lonely. So who knows? Those dates Ann has been having with John McClain, the writer, are the result of long-standing friendship.

Hedy Lamarr, who expects her new baby in April, is not as well as she might be. It isn't known that Hedy was dangerously ill during the birth of her first child and never completely recovered. That new home she and husband John Loder have purchased is a large one with five bedrooms, guest quarters and servants' rooms. But with three children in the family John and Hedy feel it isn't a bit too big.

We Predict: There will be a new Vic Mature fan craze after "My Darling Clementine" is released. Vic couldn't be swoonier . . . Cornel Wilde will permit his wife's career to take its own natural course rather than attempt to force it by rebellion. After all, Patricia, who is beautiful, must gain experience before the starring status Cornel insists upon . . . Nancy Sinatra will become one of the most popular young matrons in town and one of the smartest looking . . . James Mason's contemplated year's residence in Bermuda, for his health's sake, will be cut down to a much shorter period, if it takes place at all. Mason is just as anxious for Hollywood as the town is to receive him . . . Once fans sight Richard Greene on the screen again, they'll agree it's a new Richard. The war has given something to (*Continued on page* 16)

WONDERFUL!
WONDERFUL!
WONDERFUL!

HOW COULD IT BE ANYTHING ELSE?

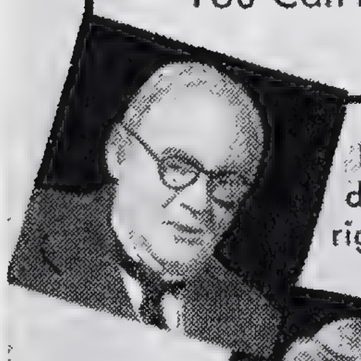
LIBERTY FILMS, INC. presents

FRANK
CAPRA'S
WONDERFILM

"IT'S A
WONDERFUL
LIFE!"

Tops even Capra's
three Academy Award winners:
"It Happened One Night"
"Mr. Deeds Goes to Town" and
"You Can't Take It With You!"

starring
JAMES
STEWART
and DONNA
REED
...as Jimmy's girl!



He couldn't
do anything
right!

He couldn't
do anything
wrong!

He couldn't
do *anything!*

with
LIONEL BARRYMORE · THOMAS MITCHELL · HENRY TRAVERS · Beulah Bondi · Ward Bond · Frank Faylen
Gloria Grahame · Produced and Directed by FRANK CAPRA · Screenplay by Frances Goodrich · Albert Hackett and Frank Capra · Additional Scenes by Jo Swerling · From a story by Philip Van Doren Stern · Released through RKO Radio Pictures

INSIDE STUFF

Bozo, the clown, furnishes fun for the small fry at birthday party Joan Crawford gave for son Christopher. Fink was only photog to kibitz on the kids

(*Continued from page* 14) the Englishman that has made him stronger, surer and handsomer.

Quick Takes: It's obvious whose side the Gary Coopers were on during the Sinatra break-up when they invited Nancy (for the first time, too) to a home party and ignored Frankie. Nancy went with her old friend, Skitch Henderson . . . Those blue eyes of Van Johnson's were closed for three days on location due to the poison oak he thought was weeds. Was he embarrassed! . . . Once again the Cornel Wildes are on the move just when everyone was certain the day of their endless searching for the ideal home was over when they settled down in their Coldwater Canyon home. But no, the urge for constant change is too strong for the glamorous nomads who are busily looking for another house.

Down Lovers' Lane: The beauteous Anita Colby and Skitch Henderson are still strolling. Don't believe those items about Skitch rushing Lina Romay. To read the papers you'd think they'd been all over the place together. 'Tisn't so. He's had exactly one date with her! Both Anita and Skitch (isn't he sensational on the Bing Crosby show?) make occasional outside dates (she with Clark Gable)—but they know that "falling in love is wonderful." As for Gable, the gorgeous—he's been leading a very quiet life. He's restless, lonely—and anxious to get back to work. He keeps leaping off for a few days of fishing in Oregon—or some hunting in Utah—or just hanging around his house and calling pals to tell them he's restless. Well, Clark, whose chief feminine interest is still Virginia Grey (if any) will be back at work on "The Hucksters"—and soon. And that's good news to Gable fans.

Sad Cut-up: In a town where overnight transfor- (*Continued on page* 18)

Birthday boy gets final inspection from Mama Joan—and approval smile from Mrs. Henry Rogers

Christopher and David Niven Jr. take turns at toy play while clown Bozo offers sage comment

FOREVER!!!

YOU'LL REMEMBER THE WICKED LADY

The Most Talked About Picture of the Year!

THE LUSTY ADVENTURES OF A DARING HIGHWAY-MAN AND HIS PARTNER IN DANGER 'THE WICKED LADY'

HERS IS THE STORY OF VIOLENT **LOVE**... AND LOVE OF **VIOLENCE!**

J. Arthur Rank presents

AMES MASON

MARGARET OCKWOOD

ATRICIA OC IN

"The Wicked Lady"

with GRIFFITH JONES · JEAN KENT
MICHAEL RENNIE · FELIX AYLMER
Directed by LESLIE ARLISS • Produced by R. J. MINNEY
Executive Producer: MAURICE OSTRER
A GAINSBOROUGH PICTURE
A UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL RELEASE

INSIDE STUFF

Glitter salute: George Montgomery chats with General Bradley and Dinah Shore with Mrs. Bradley at Beverly Hills Club party honoring the General

Continental attention: Ingrid Bergman and David Niven are good listeners to table talk at the same party

The bachelor and the beauties: Jimmy Stewart sits in on fair femme chatter of Paulette Goddard and Peggy Cummins

(*Continued from page* 16) mations are taken for granted, the shock delivered by Rita Hayworth was a honey. Rita has clipped all that beautiful long auburn hair that was so much a part of her personality, at the request (one hears) of her husband Orson Welles. With her hair snipped into a very short boyish cut and bleached a light golden, Rita doesn't begin to look like herself, which is a shame and a pity.

Orson chartered Errol Flynn's yacht Zaca, which is still in Mexican waters, and transported to the boat the entire company of "Lady from Shanghai" which he directs, produces and co-stars in with Rita.

Nora Flynn flew home before the Welles unit took over but Errol will stay with the boat and later continue his travels, probably to Tahiti. But Nora says he'll be home in February when the second Flynn child is due.

William—and Women: The situation that has Hollywood intrigued concerns two girls who were awaiting Bill Eythe's return from England. Each girl, songstress Margaret Whiting and actress Buff Cobb, was positive Bill was coming home to her. Margaret, whose engagement to Bill was announced recently, says Bill sent his proposal all the way across the Atlantic and she accepted. But Buff, meantime, went to New York to meet Bill upon his arrival from England and to proceed with the romance that was interrupted when the actor went abroad to make "Meet Me at Dawn." Developments should prove interesting, to say the least.

Travelers: Ray Milland and his beautiful Mel telephoned goodbyes before taking off for England and a command performance for the King and Queen for sweet charity's sake. They will visit Ray's old home in Wales and travel on to Scotland and the Continent. Joan Bennett was accompanied by her husband, producer Walter Wanger. Mrs. O'Brien went along with Pat who will probably try to tell the whole royal family about that new son presented to him by his beloved Eloise. Little Dorothy Malone, who played the girl in love with John Garfield in "Humoresque," travels with the group and feels so obscure among the stars. But the Millands have promised to look after Dorothy during the event.

Break-up: Upon Tyrone Power's return from his South American flight he and Annabella announced they were divorcing . . . an announcement that had been imminent ever since 1941 when Ty and Annabella agreed that since they wanted different things from life it was hopeless for them to try to build a future together. However, with the coming of war, they put aside personal difficulties and Ty went overseas. As in so many cases the period apart seemed to emphasize rather than reduce their differences.

Tyrone likes a simple life peopled with friends from the studios. Annabella, a woman of the world, prefers big parties and gaiety and friends from social circles. (*Continued on page* 20)

EXOTIC NIGHTS..in the mystic port of Morocco!
WARM LIPS..of the girl of 1001 dreams!
BURNING HATE..in the hearts of men who fought for her!
UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL Presents
Yvonne De CARLO
Brian DONLEVY
Jean Pierre AUMONT
don't say it..sigh it!
SONG OF SCHEHERAZADE
in Technicolor
THRILL to the best loved MUSIC of RIMSKY-KORSAKOFF
"SONG OF INDIA"·"FANDANGO"
"ARABESQUE"·"FLIGHT OF THE BUMBLE BEE"
"HYMN TO THE SUN"·"CAPRICE ESPAGNOL"
"SCHEHERAZADE"
with EVE ARDEN
PHILIP REED · JOHN QUALEN
and
Star of the Metropolitan Opera Company
CHARLES KULLMAN
Written and Directed by WALTER REISCH
Director of Photography: Hal Mohr, A.S.C.
Associate Producer: Edward Dodds
Produced by
EDWARD KAUFMAN
A Universal-International Picture

INSIDE STUFF

Skoal to the stork, complete with baby's bottles, at luncheon Dottie Lamour gave for baby-planning Betty Hutton at Beverly Hills Tropics

(*Continued from page* 18)

Once the separation announcement was made the rumors that cluttered the Hollywood grapevine were dizzy enough to suggest the vine had drunk of its own grapes. Gene Tierney is the girl in Tyrone's life . . . This was the first rumor. In a way it was understandable. Gene and Oleg Cassini have, for months, been making a fight for their marriage. Tyrone and Gene were close during the absorbing months they worked on their picture, "The Razor's Edge." At this time there were rumors that there was a romance between them but that romance has not been borne out. The next rumor on the program: Lana Turner is the girl in Tyrone's life . . . Ty and Lana will marry . . . came next. Then Turhan Bey came back from the Pacific. Of course he and Lana weren't good friends at the time he left . . . But don't ask us to predict —not on this one!

Sympathetically: Hollywood was shocked and saddened to learn of the sudden death of Mrs. Roy Rogers. At eight o'clock the Sunday morning of November 3 Roy had talked to her on the telephone, saying he'd be down to see her and their newborn son shortly. She had said she was feeling fine and would get herself spruced up for his visit. One hour later the hospital called Roy to say that she was gone; that even before they could get an emergency call to him, an embolism, or blood clot, traveling through the blood stream after the baby had been born by a Caesarian section, had reached the brain and within twenty minutes life was over for Arlene Rogers. Thus Roy could not even be at her side when the end came.

His grief was further tinged by the irony of their having wanted a son so very much. Roy has always been devoted to his two daughters but he'd still take the hand of a youngster in a children's hospital or on the street of a town where he'd be making a personal appearance and fight back the desire to say, "How'd you like to come home with me and be my little boy?"

He won't have to do that now. Arlene has left him their own little Roy Rogers Jr.

Cupid Collections: Cupid has certainly had one hectic month around these parts and Cal herewith lists some of his hits, misses and near-misses:

Johnny Payne and Gloria De Haven separated over strictly domestic squabbles—and not just because she wanted to resume her movie career. Gloria moved to a Beverly hotel—but not for long. Only a few days later the two were dining together at various places again—and before you knew it, promises had been made on both sides —and Gloria moved back home. At this writing all is peace . . . That design for marital happiness between Mickey Rooney and his wife that permits Mickey to have free one night a week to do as he pleases is suspended while Mrs. Rooney returns to her home in the East to await the birth of their second child. Now Mickey has every night off . . . After two days of mad misunderstandings with his superior officers in the Army, millionaire Turk Ali Ipar and Virginia Bruce were able to say their "I do's"—only to have their honeymoon interrupted by his being summoned back to camp after all. But Cal has seen them around at parties a lot in the past few weeks, so he must be conveniently close at hand lately. He is about an inch shorter than the beautiful Virginia—and only twenty-five years old . . . Since the Rita Hayworth-Orson Welles reconciliation, Tony Martin's torch has been lighting the Hollywood skies. But blonde and pretty Nancy Valentine is doing her best to make it dimmer.

AFTER THE PARTY **Look out for a Cold . . .**

Gargle LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC

GOING from over-heated rooms into the chilly night air often can lower body resistance so that cold germs called the "secondary invaders" may invade the tissue. After a party it's only sensible to gargle with Listerine Antiseptic when you reach home because this precaution may forestall a mass invasion by these germs.

While a virus is believed to start many colds, certain threatening germs called the "secondary invaders" produce many of those miserable symptoms of a cold and its complications.

Anything that lowers body resistance, such as wet or cold feet, drafts, fatigue, or sudden change of temperature, may make it easier for the "secondary invaders" to stage a mass invasion of the tissue.

Listerine Antiseptic—Quick!

So, when you've been thus exposed, gargle with Listerine Antiseptic at once. Used early and often Listerine Antiseptic, because of its amazing germ-killing power, may halt such mass invasions . . . may help head off the cold entirely or lessen its severity.

It is the delightful, easy precaution that countless thousands use regularly, night and morning, and oftener when they feel a cold coming on.

Fewer Colds and Sore Throats in Tests

Bear in mind that tests during 12 years revealed this impressive result: Those who gargled with Listerine Antiseptic twice a day had fewer colds and usually milder colds than those who did not gargle . . . and fewer sore throats.

Get into the habit of using Listerine Antiseptic regularly and, at the first sneeze . . . the first tightening of the throat or other signs of a cold . . . increase the frequency of the gargle, meanwhile seeing that you get plenty of rest, that you keep warm, and that you eat wisely.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis, Missouri*

Germs Reduced up to 96.7% in Tests

Fifteen minutes after a Listerine Antiseptic gargle, tests showed bacterial reductions on mouth and throat surfaces ranging up to 96.7%, and up to 80% one hour after a Listerine Antiseptic gargle.

THE "SECONDARY INVADERS"

Here are some types of the "Secondary Invaders" which many authorities say cause much of the misery of a cold. As you can see from their names, they're threatening in character.

TOP ROW, left to right: Pneumococcus Type III, Pneumococcus Type IV, Streptococcus viridans, Friedlander's bacillus. BOTTOM ROW, left to right: Streptococcus hemolyticus, Bacillus influenzae, Micrococcus catarrhalis, Staphylococcus aureus.

M-G-M Star on the Cover

★ This month's cover honor goes to M-G-M's Greer Garson. The beautiful and talented star has just finished her new picture, "A Woman Of My Own". They say the M-G-M lot has been tingling with excitement over the picture for many reasons—Garson's prize winning performance—the unusual story—and the auspicious screen debut of new leading man Richard Hart.

★ Greer has an especially strong feeling for her role as a young French war widow, since she, herself, attended school in France, and spent her childhood summers in just such a small Normandy coastal village as the one which serves as locale for the picture. She was doubly delighted when M-G-M decided to build a complete replica of the village right on Monterey beach—within a stone's throw of her Pebble Beach home!

★ Miss Garson is tremendously elated over "A Woman Of My Own" and very much impressed with newcomer Richard Hart. She agrees with Director George Cukor that the story "... will be remembered as the greatest love story of World War II", and that Richard Hart will more than justify M-G-M's faith in him. Hart was so terrific as the witch boy in the Broadway production "Dark Of The Moon" that M-G-M signed him without a test and rushed him out to Hollywood. He had never been in front of a camera when he screen-tested with Miss Garson for the picture, and the next morning he had the part!

★ So is it any wonder that there's a glow of visible happiness emanating from the First Lady of the Screen? The plaudits are still resounding for her grand performance with Clark Gable in "Adventure"—and she is deluged with praise for her new picture, which, from all reports, may bring forth another "Oscar" to place on her mantlepiece.

Watch for her next M·G·M film hit

☆ "A WOMAN OF MY OWN" ☆

Platter Patter

By Lester Gottlieb

A streamlined check list of recordings recreating the favorite melodies from the latest motion pictures

Xavier Cugat

NELSON EDDY: An album dedicated to "The Whale Who Wanted to Sing at the Met," the amphibious antics remembered from Disney's "Make Mine Music." The big baritone gives it an amusing rendition, aware of the ready-made kid audience (Columbia).

GENE KELLY: Not to be outdone, nimble-footed Kelly abandons his tapping shoes momentarily to record a pair of kindergarten epics, "Peter Rabbit" and "The Little Red Hen." Kids who share their time with the nursery and the neighborhood movie house will love them while the veteran nursery performers will be Kelly-green with envy. (Columbia).

HOLIDAY IN MEXICO: Metro's mammoth maraca contains a "modern bolero," "You, So It's You," that will have rumba addicts shaking its praises long after the film is forgotten. The fact that Columbia has parlayed Dinah Shore and Xavier Cugat, one of the film's original players, for a joint recording, indicates the song's potential.

LONDON TOWN: To insure acceptance here from movie-goers, this forthcoming Eagle-Lion British Technicolor import has a brace of tunes Hollyworded by Johnny Burke and Jimmy Van Heusen, Bing Crosby's favorite composers. Charlie Spivak (Victor) has recorded the songs, "So Would I" and "My Heart Goes Crazy" and they make for pleasant listening.

SKITCH HENDERSON: Bing Crosby's distinctive piano soloist gives a free and easy Steinwayward improvisation of the title song from the Fox musical, "If I'm Lucky." (Capitol).

Peggy Lee

DEAD RECKONING: This Columbia melodrama co-stars Humphrey Bogart and Lizabeth Scott and the studio tunesmiths have fashioned an appropriate theme melody, "Either It's Love Or It Isn't," which Phil Brito (Musicraft) and The Pied Pipers (Capitol) have readily recorded.

THE SHOCKING MISS PILGRIM: You haven't heard the last from the recorded music makers as far as this Betty Grable-Fox film is concerned. Artie Shaw (Musicraft) spins two post-humous Gershwin songs, "Changing My Tune" and "For You, for Me," while sultry Peggy Lee sings "Aren't You Kind of Glad We Did?" Capitol-ly.

THE CLASSICAL CORNER: The stately and vigorous Haydn Symphony No. 97, written in the last period of the composer's life, is excellently recorded by the London Philharmonic with Sir Thomas Beecham conducting (Victor) . . . For Victor Herbert fans (and who aren't?) Victor has just issued a lovely collection with Met soprano Dorothy Kirsten singing "Kiss Me Again," "Moonbeams" and "Indian Summer" . . . The sombre but ever interesting Schumann Symphony No. 1 is flawlessly interpreted by Erich Leinsdorff and the Cleveland Orchestra (Columbia) . . . Ballet music with a Spanish influence can be found in Massenet's Le Cid Ballet Suite waxed by Arthur Fiedler and the Boston "Pops" (Victor) . . . The celebrated Don Cossack Chorus sing lustily in a new Columbia album wrapping up their best liked numbers including, of course, "Two Guitars" and "Dark Eyes" . . . The young Negro contralto, Carol Brice, who has a fine future ahead, sings "Songs of a Wayfarer" (Columbia) a collection of lieder songs by Mahler that reveals a positive trained voice. The Pittsburgh Symphony accompanies the singer.

EDDIE Entertains

Troubadour stuff: Party hits a high note when Eddie Bergen, host Eddie Bracken and Dennis Day carol for their supper

Your tine is my tine, quips Don O'Connor who "nose" a fork when he sees one; wife Gwen and Peggy Ryan are lookers-on

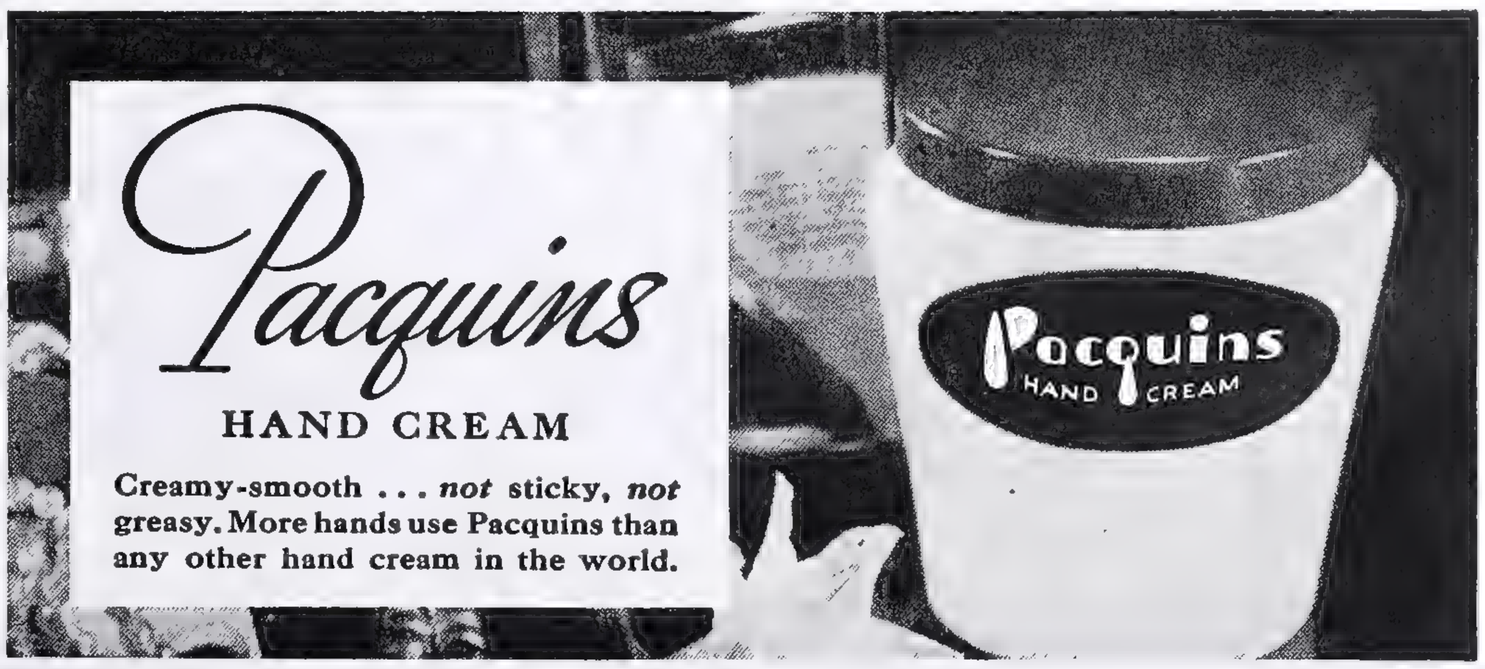
Zach keeps one eye on the party while Mrs. Zachary Scott tips him off on who's whose at the Eddie Bracken fun-for-all

Can hands that wash dishes be "exquisite...fragile"?—They can!

No matter how hard your hands must work . . . Pacquins Hand Cream can help give them a lady-of-leisure look! Use Pacquins several times a day . . . this snowy fragrant cream will quickly ease away roughness, redness, and dryness.

Pacquins was originally made for doctors and nurses...

Doctors and nurses who scrub their hands in hot soapy water 30 to 40 times a day. Pacquins Hand Cream, super-rich in skin-softening ingredients, was first made for their professional use. If Pacquins can do so much for them . . . just imagine how it can help *your* hard-working hands.



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RAFT ON A RAMPAGE!

in the most exciting

Woman hunt

you've ever seen!

He's out to capture a killer... even if he tears apart Hollywood's gayest night spots... makes love to Hollywood's most glamorous women!

RKO PRESENTS

GEORGE RAFT

LYNN BARI in

NOCTURNE

with

VIRGINIA HUSTON
JOSEPH PEVNEY
MYRNA DELL

Produced by JOAN HARRISON
Directed by EDWIN L. MARIN
Screen Play by JONATHAN LATIMER

RKO RADIO PICTURES

"Happy New Year, Nancy"

With luck, these are

the words Frank Sinatra will say again to

his wife at the stroke of midnight

THE music was swinging at Slapsie Maxie's. The dance floor was crowded. But the minute Nancy came in with a group of mutual friends Frank saw her. He danced and talked with the pretty acquaintance who was his partner just as he had before but always he knew where Nancy was and bided the time she would dance close enough for him to speak.

When, inevitably on that small floor, their dancing paths met he stopped before her. "I've been hoping," he said, "you would dance with me." For a long minute her eyes searched those of her husband's. Then she moved into his arms. Friends, sad over the differences which had separated them, smiled and looked away. Let them have their chance to make up now before gossip and newspaper publicity and their own imagination and pride should make the hurt deeper and the differences greater.

The film colony has known many break-ups in the last few years but none caused the unhappy surprise occasioned by the Sunday-night radio announcement that the Sinatras had parted. On the preceding Thursday, the commentator explained, Frank had packed his belongings and, leaving Nancy and the children at the Toluca Lake home, had taken an apartment in Hollywood.

This brief report seemed an abrupt ending to the family life in which Frank's audiences long had participated when, at the end of his program, he had always said "Goodnight, Nancy" to his daughter and "Goodnight, Frankie" to his little son.

It is doubtful that Frank left home as the result of a sudden whim or quarrel. Over a period of time it is possible he had come to believe he had outgrown the confines of his home, his wife and their simple living. Like so many men, far older and more experienced than he, his values (*Continued on page* 70)

The break-up was followed by meeting at Slapsie Maxie's, dancing together and out the door—to reconciliation

BY SARA HAMILTON

WHAT THE HOLLYWOOD *Strikes Mean*

BY ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

Much has been said and little understood about the Hollywood strikes. Here Mrs. St. Johns, with her great gift for sensing the human side of the news, brings the complicated picture into sharp focus through the eyes of friends you know—Ronald Reagan, John Garfield, Robert Taylor, Gene Kelly, Edward Arnold.

THE EDITORS

THE picket line in front of the M-G-M gate moved slowly, round and round, ghostly figures in an early-morning fog.

A young man, black head shining above an old white sweater, hopped out of a car, then stood immobile on the curb, watching. The wheeling line brought him face to face with another man about his own age and they stood for a moment eye to eye. The young man in the white sweater put his hand on the other's shoulder, took a long breath—and crossed the picket line, which began to move again, slowly.

Inside the studio gates Gene Kelly went to his dressing bungalow with wet eyes. An assistant director said, "You better hurry, they're waiting on the set."

Gene Kelly looked at him. He said, "Got to make a phone call."

He dialed and after a little wait said, "Look, Mrs. Smith, this is Gene—Gene Kelly. I just crossed the picket line and I met Bill. I guess it was the toughest thing I ever had to do. I kept thinking about when we were in the Navy together, and how we were in the same crew and—now. I had to tell you about it, you're his mother and you can make him understand. Will you tell him the way I see it, we're doing it *for* him? The way I see it, you tell him, is that we have got to make everybody see jurisdictional strikes are wrong. We're just trying to do our bit so there won't be any more of them, that's all the whole Screen Actors Guild is trying to do. Will you explain that to him?" I don't know what the former sailor felt when he got home that night and his mother told him about Gene Kelly's call. I do know how Gene felt—and still feels. "I just say," Gene

Liberal John Garfield (with Glenn Ford and Henry Fonda) says, "The human element is tough. There are guys on that picket line I've worked with . . ."

The very active Ronald Reagan grins as he confesses, "Jane says I make speeches in my sleep—probably the best ones . . ."

Martha Vickers and Dennis Morgan at the exciting SAG (Screen Actors Guild) meeting

Gene Kelly, with Garfield, wants ex-sailor friend to know they're trying to end jurisdictional strikes

Gary Cooper, Claudette Colbert, who was asleep when Jane Wyman phoned reminding her to vote, and Joan Crawford took part

Joe Cotten, Jane Wyman and Robert Taylor talk over vital strike issues at SAG meeting

Greer Garson at meeting which voted to send actors to Chicago in dramatic appeal to labor leaders

WHAT THE HOLLYWOOD *Strikes Mean*

told me later, "that if we, all Americans, can't get together and arbitrate our differences and problems, then how can we expect nations that don't even speak the same language to do it?"

A man's heart was speaking those words. In the spangled history of Hollywood, there has never been a time when so many hearts have spoken so vehemently as when, this early fall, a group of studio workers was on strike and everyone who is part of the movies was plunged into a bitter and seemingly hopeless struggle.

Then out of the bitterness, the wrongs and the rights, came a significant evolution. The world of actors, that ivy-wrapped world of make-believe, was galvanized into action and, before the astonished eyes of a nation accustomed to marital hijinks and million-dollar incomes, movie stars assumed a new position in the world of affairs.

No longer will Hollywood actors merely influence fashions, set styles, give entertainment to the millions, important as that is. When the Screen Actors Guild voted to send a committee to Chicago to attend the annual American Federation of Labor convention; when Robert Montgomery, George Murphy, Ronald Reagan, Gene Kelly, Edward Arnold, Robert Taylor, Dick Powell, June (*Continued on page* 92)

MERRY CHRISTMAS AND HAPPY NEW YEAR

Old friends Frank Moran and Barbara Stanwyck meet and greet at momentous meeting of Screen Actors Guild

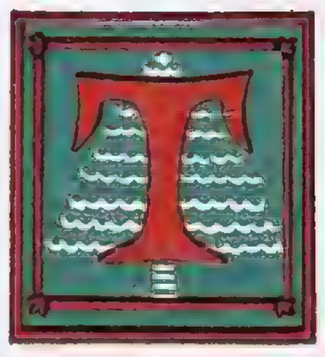
SAG past and present presidents, George Murphy and Robert Montgomery, at Chicago AF of L convention

Youthful turnout—Lana Turner and Peter Lawford at Screen Actors Guild Meeting

Christmas

From Scottish pines for Christmas trees to California palms . . . Greer takes an enchanting journey into some yesteryear Yuletides

Holiday wish—Peace on Earth. Greer of "A Woman of My Own"



To me, Christmas Days should be as individualized and distinctive as one's friends, each possessing a special brand of enchantment. I can't recall any single December twenty-fifth that looms up, high as an Alp, above all others. As a matter of holiday fact, all my Christmases have been bright.

They have had an amazing series of backgrounds. There have been my Scottish holidays, all set in snow and haggis.

There were my London Yuletides, very posh as Londoners say, or very swank as we say in America, and now my Beverly Hills Christmases.

As a child I never knew, until just a few days before, whether I should have a rollicking Christmas in Scotland with my Greer cousins (Greer being no more than an Irish contraction of the good Scottish name of MacGregor) or would be worldly in London with the Garson group.

The uncle who housed us in Glasgow was a doctor and dearly beloved by all his patients, who used to bring him wonderful holiday gifts—bottles of wine, hothouse fruits and delicious candies. His house was sturdy gray granite and you could practically

MERRY CHRISTMAS

Story

BY GREER GARSON

guarantee that Christmas would be a white one.

So it would be a jolly group who'd load into the car a couple of days before the great day and go to the woods above Loch Lomond to get the tree. We children would rush around in high excitement, calling out, "Here's the tree! Here it is!" And all the time be keeping a sharp eye out for anyone who might disapprove. It was a time of great importance when we finally did choose the tree—which was always a pine. Awed, we'd stand back while an adult chopped it down and loaded it into the back of the car. Then we'd all load in too—our cheeks red from the winter cold, our anticipation of trimming our tree, high.

Perhaps it lacked the glamour of the trees they sell on Hollywood Boulevard, all painted white or pink or blue, but it smelled wonderful and had strings and strings of tinsel and brightly colored balls and other ornaments, treasured for years, with which we decorated it. We hung tinsel up, too, in the windows, behind the lace curtains, and it was lovely, watching the snow falling outdoors, feeling so warm and loved indoors.

On Christmas day itself after church—very Presbyterian you may be sure—all the relatives and the neighbors gathered around (*Continued on page* 100)

They got the tree from the woods above Loch Lomond

HAPPY NEW YEAR

"My Baby will be a Yankee"

A New Hampshire debut for the Sherry child, says Bette in this interview with Louella Parsons—the only one she has given on the coming event

BY LOUELLA O. PARSONS

Lullaby in May for Bette and husband, William Sherry

THE expected baby in the life of Bette Davis is the greatest thing that has ever happened to her, and that includes career, screen triumphs and her many charity organizations.

It was a softer, gentler Bette that came to my house for dinner with her husband, William Grant Sherry—a girl who is happy and has finally, after a long time, found what she has been seeking. Between the flickering candles on my dining-room table, Bette's face was framed as though an artist had lined up a "shot" of one of her own film dramas. I thought, as I looked at her, this girl and I have had our tiffs in the past. I've lost my temper with her and she's told me off in that brittle, staccato manner that only Bette Davis can make you take and like.

But when I got the tip that she was going to have a baby, I called her. "Bette," I said, "I hope this is true. I know what it will mean to you to have a baby. I want you to let me break this story and share your happiness with everyone. And it's time you and I are friends again."

"It's true, Louella," she said, "—and thanks for what you have said. We should be friends again."

And so, two nights later, Bette and her tall, slender husband, William Grant Sherry, came to have dinner with Dr. Martin and me—just the four of us. Of course, I wanted to talk to her about many things—about the baby, and her supposed feud with Joan Crawford and her plans for the future. I also wanted very much to meet the man she married. But, above all, it warmed my heart to have Bette at my home again—a friend.

I knew her well when she was married first to "Ham" Nelson and later to Arthur Farnsworth, and she never achieved this poise and inner serenity with either one of them, nor the happiness that is so evident now.

I don't know when I have enjoyed a dinner more. We were very gay. Like good wives, Bette and I listened to the war talk of our men, both of whom had served overseas. We listened to fight talk, to art talk and many things that did not verge on Hollywood shop chatter. It amused me that Sherry doesn't "yes" Bette. He's devoted to her, but he has definite interests far removed from her work and (*Continued on page* 77)

MERRY CHRISTMAS AND HAPPY NEW YEAR

A woman complete: Bette Davis of "Deception"

Bette answers the rumors of a feud between Joan Crawford and herself

Morris

Serenade in the dark: Yvonne De Carlo, starred in "Song of Scheherazade"

Blue Jeans And Mink

Most people won't talk about rented furs and mortgages, but who expects the usual from unusual Miss Yvonne?

Yvonne De Carlo's pom shares a rare moment when the energy girl relaxes

BY HARRIET EATON

A COUPLE of months ago an elderly couple from the Middle West were vacationing in Hollywood. Of course they wound up at the swank night club Mocambo—and there on the dance floor they spied a handsome young man dancing with the most exotic young woman they had ever seen. Imagine seeing in the flesh the star of "Frontier Gal" and "Salome, Where She Danced"—Yvonne De Carlo herself! They watched, fascinated, while the movie couple danced. Yvonne's green gaze seemed to be locked in her companion's, and her famous figure followed his sinuously in the movement of the rumba.

"She looks as smouldering off-screen as she does on," said the wife, awed and delighted.

Her husband nodded, his eyes popping out of his head. "And she sure acts in love with that young fellow," he commented. "Let's dance next to them and hear what they're saying."

They did—expecting to eavesdrop on molten lines from a hot-lick version of "Romeo and Juliet."

Instead, as they passed Yvonne she was imitating a dead-end kid's voice. "Stick with me, bub," she was snarling in her escort's face, "and I'll get your name in the papers!"

The young man snarled back, "Ahhh—shaddup or I'll hit ya!"

The elderly couple crept back to their table, shattered. How could they know that this was love-talk between Yvonne and Burt Lancaster, new find in "The Killers"? Or that the next moment they were in a discussion of the music of Sibelius? Or that the following one they were arguing about horses?

By that (*Continued on page 72*)

little

Janie couldn't help bubbling any more than she could help singing—or eating up the profits in her father's shop

BY MAXINE ARNOLD

Bull

She's either super happy or super sad. Jane Powell, of "Holiday in Mexico"

Fink & Smith

A huddle with Cindy, the collie. She has a cat named Ozzie too

Miss Portland

IT was the annual outdoor picnic at Sawtelle Government Hospital. Veterans sat on chairs on the lawn, their scars of wars forgotten, as they watched the program being given on the wooden platform before them.

Suddenly the sun went behind a cloud and it began to rain. Some of the men ran for nearby trees to take cover. Then, as though drawn by a magnet, all returned to their seats. A little girl in a shiny blue metallic dress was up there singing her heart out in the rain. Her clear voice rang out gaily . . . "Come, come, I love you only. . . ."

One of the veterans got an umbrella and held it over her. Another got one for the accompanist. As she finished on a high sweet note, the rain stopped abruptly and the sun shone. There was quiet. Then the thunder of applause.

As the girl stepped down from the platform, an elderly veteran put his hand on her shoulder and said in a moved voice, "You see, Jane Powell, all you have to do is sing and the sun comes out."

Many of the others didn't even know her. Their tribute wasn't for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's sensational new singing star, but for a girl in a blue dress who reached out to them with a golden voice and a warm smile and made them feel a little happy again.

This is the story of that girl. A little girl with enormous blue eyes who didn't mean to be a star—and (*Continued on page* 95)

Fink & Smith

An apple a day for the pride of Portland which named a park for Jane

Fink & Smith

She sings opera arias, but her choice is strictly boogie

Notorious GENTLEMAN

In the Grant tradition—Betty Hensel is a tall, willowy blonde

Latin looks and English blood, home and heart, American. Cary, man of exciting contradictions

BY RUTH WATERBURY

THE final shot of "Night and Day" had just been taken. The all-star cast gave a general sigh of pleasure and relief, turned to one another with happy smiles. All of them, that is, except Cary Grant, the topmost star of them all.

Mr. Grant was definitely not happy. His handsome, swarthy face was blacker than a dozen thunderclouds. He stalked over to Michael Curtiz, the director. "Mike, now that the last foot of this film is shot, I want you to know that if I'm chump enough ever to be caught working for you again, you'll know I'm either broke or I've lost my mind," he said, biting his words out so that his diction was even more flawless than usual. "You may shanghai crews and cameramen to work with you, but not me, not again."

All Mike Curtiz said in response to the Grant outburst was, "Yes, Cary. Yes, Cary."

With that, Cary walked off the set and drove angrily toward his white brick and black trim Normandy house in Bel-Air.

The doorbell at this house rang cheerfully early the next morning. Since he happened to be downstairs at that moment, Cary personally opened the door.

There stood Mike Curtiz, beaming. In the thick accent, which after thirty-odd years in this country still remains primarily Hungarian, Mike cried out, "Cary, last night I read the most perfect script for us to do together. No story could be as good for you as this one. You have picture commitments that will tie you up through this year. I know that.

Maritime negotiations continuing

Morris

An artist, a thinker . . . Cary Grant, star of "Notorious"

Action ahead! Bachelor becomes knight for a night—on set of "Bachelor and Bobby-soxer"

Notorious GENTLEMAN

But I'll wait till 1948—or 1949, anytime. Together, we can—"

Mr. Grant pulled himself up so completely that he seemed to gain six inches. "Didn't you understand me yesterday?" he blazed. "Let me repeat: I'll never be lunatic enough to play in another of your pictures. Now do you understand me?"

"Yes, Cary. Fine, Cary," said Curtiz. "But I'll leave the script." So he left the script behind him and quietly waited. This was before the trade paper reviews of "Night and Day" appeared. There were so many raves, that the day they came out, Mike Curtiz sent Cary a long telegram of appreciation.

Thereupon Mr. Grant sat himself down and read the script and he's going to make the picture. With Curtiz; also with the full expectation they'll row all the way. In the new script, he saw a great picture—and when Cary sees that, walking across red-hot coals to Tibet is a mere stroll in the park to him.

"That's me," Cary admits disarmingly. "I raised hell all through the picture—knew it was going to be a flop—so it turns out to be a top success. And as for that Curtiz" —Cary laughs—"There's a feverish man to work with,

Grant concentration at Screen Actors Guild meeting

Co-star Shirley Temple even taught Cary jitterbugging

but then I'm no dish of weak tea, either. When I cooled off, in between pictures, I knew I was wrong, as usual, and that Mike was right, as usual. The whole truth of the matter was that we had both been after the same objective—to make the best picture we could."

To make the best possible movies is the end all and be all of the Grant existence. With his divorce from Barbara Hutton final, all the matchmakers of Hollywood are trying their wiliest to get him married to Betty Hensel.

Maybe Betty will become the third Mrs. Grant. Or maybe not. You'll never find out from Cary. Watch him and Betty dancing together and it's one of the dreamy sights of this world, her willowy, golden loveliness contrasted to his black height, his sun-mahoganied skin, his intense, intelligent eyes. Cary leads in a manner possible only to the best of dancers, taking one step to a rhythm that from even the smoothest of dancers would ordinarily call for two and from jitterbugs, twenty. It makes him and Betty weave the most sensuous, romantic pattern about any floor. Or watch him at a non-dancing party and he never leaves Betty's side. He never dates any other charmer even though she sometimes appears with other glamour boys. She is definitely in his tall, chic, thin blonde tradition, that fitted Virginia Cherrill (the (*Continued on page* 69)

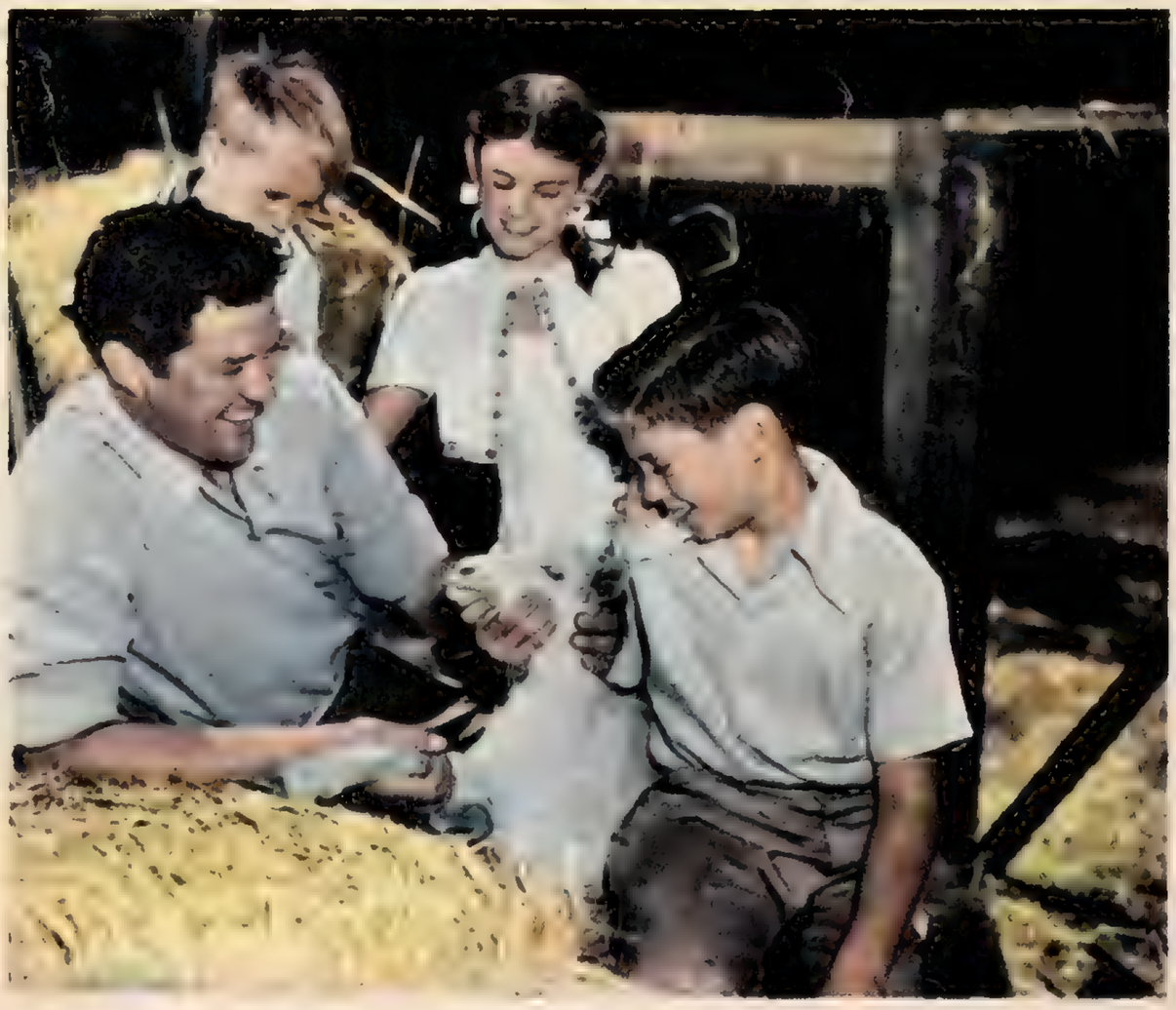
Clothes? He has a weakness for seersucker suits

McCarty

Making hay: Dennis, of "The Time, the Place and the Girl"

Smith

Dennis rolls his own and recalls adventures of Stanley Morner



The young Morgans, Jimmy, Kristin and Stanley, listen raptly while Dad Dennis relates tales of his traveling-show days

A big improvement over that other truck

M

TENT SHOW

The storm raged and so did the rest of the troupe, but

Stanley Morner kept right on singing—singing

against time and a tent pole . . .

BY DOROTHY DEERE

THE International Concert and Opera Company, purveyors of better tunes and bigger arias to the Midwestern states, was in a decidedly inharmonious mood. . . .

Professor Alexus Baas, who by coincidence sang bass, was wearing an expression lower than his deepest note. The fact that a slender brunette contralto and a curvesome blonde soprano rode with him on the jouncing floor of the Chevvy truck did not keep him from staring savagely at the back of the driver.

"You should be handling a cement-mixer," he said, addressing the back.

The driver, tenor extraordinary according to the local handbills, had a scowl on his handsome young face—a face that somehow managed to look pure Irish in spite of his Scandinavian, Scotch and Dutch ancestors. At nineteen years, Dennis Morgan, or Stanley Morner as he was named then, was not looking as far ahead as Hollywood. He was listening to the bouncing of five wardrobe trunks roped to the truck's roof and praying they could make an immediate sixty miles in time for their next tent show. The show, had he but known it, that was to contain all the horrors a tent show could have. . . .

Across Wisconsin, through Michigan, over Illinois, past Indiana into Ohio—for five months the troupe had been Number Four attraction on the Central Chautauqua Circuit's list of events. For those five months it had been his job to haul five trunks, the scenery, one male and three females. Dennis shuddered to think of what might have been his lot if he had a full-sized show-tent to haul from state to state. That, and five trunks and the scenery—and three females—!

Females, at this time in his life, were pretty generally divided into three classes. To begin with, there were the women he had left behind him. Mom, who had done some professional singing of her own, and sister Dotty who was at the excitable age, and girl-friend Lillian who actually belonged in a class by herself because someday he was going to marry her. He remembered their pride and emotion, packing his costumes and other theatrical equipment. Dotty, especially, squealing over his stage make-up—a large, round tin plainly labelled "Hero-flesh." All three of them were back home in Park Falls, Wisconsin, now, imagining him hero-ing it right across the country. . . .

In a way, they were not too wrong—because class Number Two consisted of audience-females, with whom, he modestly admitted, he got along very well. (*Continued on page* 79)

Care in color—
Linda Darnell's cosmetic slogan

HAPPY New WOMAN!

With these resolutions

ring in the new . . . to

enhance your beauty

the whole year through

BY ANITA COLBY

Photoplay's Beauty Editor and Feminine Director of Selznick Studios

Powolny

Fink

Cleanliness—
Beverly Tyler's starter
for beauty

Streamlined Scott—
Lizabeth's uncluttered look

RING out the old. . . .
And, ringing out the old year, ring out other things too—things like figure bulges; a cosmetic palette that no longer harmonizes with or flatters your skin tones, eyes or hair; sagging hemlines and uneven heels; any and all carelessness that imperceptibly may have crept into your appearance and personality.

For the beginning of the year 1947 I offer you twelve resolutions. They commit you to nothing difficult or costly. Yet they're magical. For they help you find that woman within you at whom other women will turn to look admiringly, to whom men will be drawn in the most ego-warming fashion.

Four Hollywood stars are the inspirations for these resolutions: Paulette Goddard, Lizabeth Scott, Linda Darnell and Beverly Tyler. For each of these girls, in turn, I find an outstanding example of the four components of a woman's beauty and charm.

Paulette, first of all, is vivid proof that a woman accentuates her attraction by alertness. She is alert to everything from appointments at which she arrives promptly, to business trends by which she has greatly increased her fortune.

Particularly alert to her shortcomings, Paulette has never stopped (*Continued on page 76*)

Fink

Schafer

Alert—
Paulette Goddard's steady watchword

Call For Caulfield

Set-twoing: Bing and Joan are stars of "Welcome Stranger"

Joan, the honey blonde, who

helps keep the rest of the Caulfields

in happy, hectic confusion

BY ELEANOR HARRIS

"OYSTERS," ordered the honey-colored blonde of the superior waiter at a swank Strip restaurant.

"Make it three," said one of her two male companions.

When the waiter placed the oysters on the table, the blonde pierced the first one laid before her—and gave a smothered shriek.

"Look—a pearl!" she whispered to her two companions. Sure enough it was one—big, too. "Maybe there are more," she hoped aloud . . . and finally she had unearthed two more. This sent the trio into an electric huddle of secrecy.

"Gotta keep the pearls hidden from the management!"

"Joan found 'em—they belong to her!"

"Ixnay—the aiterway!" warned the girl in pig-Latin as the waiter approached. This went on for the duration of lunch. They were an hysterical trio of Musketeers, guarding their jewels. After lunch they rushed into a taxi and up to the nearest fine jewelry shop. And here a gray-haired, morning-coated jewel expert told them the sad truth.

"Sea-gravel," he pronounced. "Found in oysters everywhere. Worthless."

The three Musketeers sagged out, despondent. But at least their consciences were clear. They hadn't cheated the restaurant out of a thing!

There is nothing sophisticated about that story, and its heroine could easily add the initial N to her name—N for Natural. For natural is the word for Joan Caulfield, which you know if you've seen her in her first three pictures: "Miss Susie Slagle's," with Sonny Tufts; "Blue Skies," with Bing Crosby and Fred Astaire; and "Monsieur Beaucaire" with the one and only Bob Hope. She has thick springy blonde hair, wide blue eyes, a wider white smile and a

Fraker

Fair horizon: Joan Caulfield, starred in "Blue Skies"

Joan runs out of stepping-stones so off come the shoes—oh well, she likes wading, anyway

Stream-lined: Joan takes a refresher course—of the clear, cold brook water

Old rock chair's got her! And she loves it, judging by the Caulfield smile

very fine figure which measures a trim five feet five inches.

She is subject to all the usual human aberrations. One evening not long ago if you had been standing in line for a ticket at the Normandie Theater on East 53rd Street in New York, you would have noticed a brunette and a blonde come striding up, unglamourously togged out in flat leather moccasins, checked coats and (revealed under the coats) sweaters and skirts. No hat, no gloves—but suddenly an awful lot of giggles.

Because the blonde stepped briskly up to the ticket window, said, "Two tickets, please"—and then, scrambling wildly around in her purse, she suddenly backed away and shrieked, "Horrors! I have to go home first and get some money!"

At this the two girls went into hysterics. They staggered up the street clinging to each other while they shouted with laughter. Shortly they returned more composed and bought their way into the theater. The girls? One was Joan Caulfield, movie star, and the other her best friend in New York—Patrice Munsel, young and beautiful Metropolitan Opera singer!

But none of this perfectly normal behavior on the part of a famous young lady amazes Joan's family . . . probably because her family is responsible for the whole thing. No Caulfield could possibly get away with anything but natural behavior. There are too many other Caulfields sitting around demanding their (*Continued on page* 74)

Call For Caulfield

The toe-test before the plunge into her apartment-house swimming pool

On record—she has a new victrola-radio

The tune-up: Lee Bowman, Joan and Don Clark, producer of CBS radio show, "This Is My Best," harmonize

Jonathan welcomed his new little brother by loading his crib with toys

Father and son both doing fine! The photographers get cigars from popular star of "The Yearling" and "The Macomber Affair"

TWO SONS has Gregory

Stephen made astute choice in picking a papa—Greg, of "Duel in the Sun"

Four Pecks make a bushel of happiness

—that's what the wise old stork knew when he left

Stephen with Greg, Greta and Jonathan

BY NATHANIA PIERSON

RECENTLY, on August 16th, three Pecks became a bushel. On that date, the happy little threesome of Gregory, Greta and small Jonathan was increased to a foursome by the arrival of one Stephen Joseph Peck, weight seven pounds, six ounces.

Currently, it can be reported that both father and child are doing fine. Although unconcerned with mathematical equations, the fourth Peck has added two pounds, three ounces and a tolerant attitude toward the various grown-ups who stand over his crib and make childish, clucking noises. Someday, maybe about twelve years from now, young Stephen may want to put up his fists to anyone who reminds him that his name was originally Stephanie and was changed only when the doctor announced he was not the kind of Peck who could properly go around answering to such a moniker. At present, however, small-dark-and-handsome keeps his fists in his mouth and just ain't talkin'. The same cannot be said of his old man:

"The difference between a one-time parent and a two-time parent," says Greg smugly, "is that the first guy is a rank amateur."

It is a well-known fact that the first time, Greg was the most nervous prospective papa in all Hollywood. This time, of course, he knew the fifteen miles from the Peck's Cold-water Canyon home to the hospital by heart.

"It was about four o'clock in the morning when Greta said we'd better get over (*Continued on page* 90)

Frank Sinatra, who stagged it, plays waiter to Lana at the party held under a tent on the tennis court

Director Mervyn LeRoy with the usually camera-shy David Selznick, Sonja and Jennifer Jones in animated party mood

R.S.V.P.

Everybody was invited to Sonja's party—but the press. It's Photoplay's luck that Hymie—and his camera—got in

Richard Barthlemess gets the kiss—son Stewart gets the cue. Stewart is Sonja's current beau

Buffet banter between two Rogerses—Ginger and Buddy

Glamour of the Far East for Merle Oberon, hand in hand with Mary Livingston as husband Jack Benny stands by

HOLLYWOOD'S best parties are those we press boys don't get to. Not that they don't want us, but even in Hollywood people like to be themselves away from cameras.

Take Sonja Henie. She gives two top jobs a year. One the press attends, the other is strictly for stars. I made this one because we're old friends and I took these pictures for her personal album.

Sonja knows how to get the right people together. The 200 guests received cards with table numbers. The dinner announcement, made by Sonja and Hoagy Carmichael, was a poem. So was the dinner. No wonder when someone said, "Remember the good old days?" Jack Warner replied, "My boy, these *are* the good old days!"

Hymie Fink

Good friends got together in the well-arranged seating plan. Richard Ney smiles as Greer Garson greets Ernst Lubitsch

Romantically—Joan Crawford came with Greg Bautzer

Sonja, with Mrs. Darryl Zanuck, had special delicacies flown from New York for dinner

My

Bob, of "Love and Learn," and Cleatus made a romantic decision

Cleatus, of "Susie Steps Out," kisses husband Bob, who's grateful to fate and Cupid

Fate in their favor again—and a dream home in the Valley

Romantic Mistakes

It was live and learn for Bob, who lost—

but luck and the lady decided to listen

BY BOB HUTTON

I'M the luckiest guy in the world and I could have been the unluckiest. I made blunders that almost cost me my future happiness but fate, for some reason, gave me another deal. I'm married to the girl I love and I still can't believe my good fortune. It isn't every guy who gets another chance. I did. But that's the kind of girl Cleatus is. Mrs. Robert Hutton now.

I first saw her one afternoon at the Santa Anita race track. It was one of those clear, clean days when California seems one huge Technicolor set. Girls in their bright sport dresses gave everything a festive air. Even the horses were running in my favor. I stood talking to some friends between races when suddenly I saw her sitting at another table in the clubhouse with Mrs. Van Heflin. That's the most beautiful girl I ever saw, I thought to myself and went over to speak to Frances Heflin who introduced me to "Mrs. Murray."

It was the next morning I saw her picture in the papers and realized she was Cleatus Caldwell—wife of actor Ken Murray. It seemed a coincidence that her divorce from Ken and mine from my ex-wife Natalie were both granted that day.

Three weeks passed before I saw her again. She was sitting with some mutual friends at Mocambo and I went over and asked her to dance. We had a dinner date the following night and practically every night after. I fell in love with her almost at once. She was the realest, most sincere person I'd met in a long time and it was a constant source of amazement to me how any girl in Hollywood could be so beautiful and so unself-centered. So many girls here are interested only in their careers and themselves. They don't have time to listen to what anyone else has to say.

But Cleatus was different. (*Continued on page 98*)

Bob met Lana—who was friendly and gracious

Bob and Natalie Thompson knew their marriage was a mistake

SILLIES

Tinsel-trimmed tricks from a jolly old gent who has

FROM SANTA

his own ideas on what the stars need for Christmas

Wee heartbeats: Van helps three-year-old daughter Vana play doctor to her three puppies

Three women in his life, Frances, Vana, baby Kathleen

Van, of "Till the Clouds Roll By," now owns his ideal home

Voyage

A ship or a dream? Van Heflin did some thinking, then kept on traveling, but in a different direction

BY DIANE SCOTT

IN a cheap rooming house off the Embarcadero, Seaman Van Heflin was fighting his last battle between the stage and the sea.

Outside the window he could hear the wail of a ferryboat warning its way across San Francisco Bay. The thin shaft of winter sunlight stabbed through the curtain and through the fog that covered his head.

He hadn't felt this way since that last rough storm, a blow off the Florida coast. It was no day for decisions. But the time had come.

All his life he'd prided himself on aiming for the top. The best grade in math class. The best performance in a class play. But there would be little satisfaction in being the world's best bum. Two days before he'd paid off the boat from China with two hundred bucks. Now he was broke. Cleaned.

Look at yourself, Heflin. You're a sad, salty sight. You've got to figure this thing out. Why you've failed again. What you want. What you are. Or are not. Don't pull your punches.

Should he risk going back to the stage? Since childhood he'd dreamed of the theater. Dreamed it would be perfect. But when he'd gotten his first look at it in a play called "Mr. Money Penny," he'd been disillusioned. It was a terrible flop. (*Continued on page* 67)

Among his souvenirs—this snap from his salt-and-sea days album

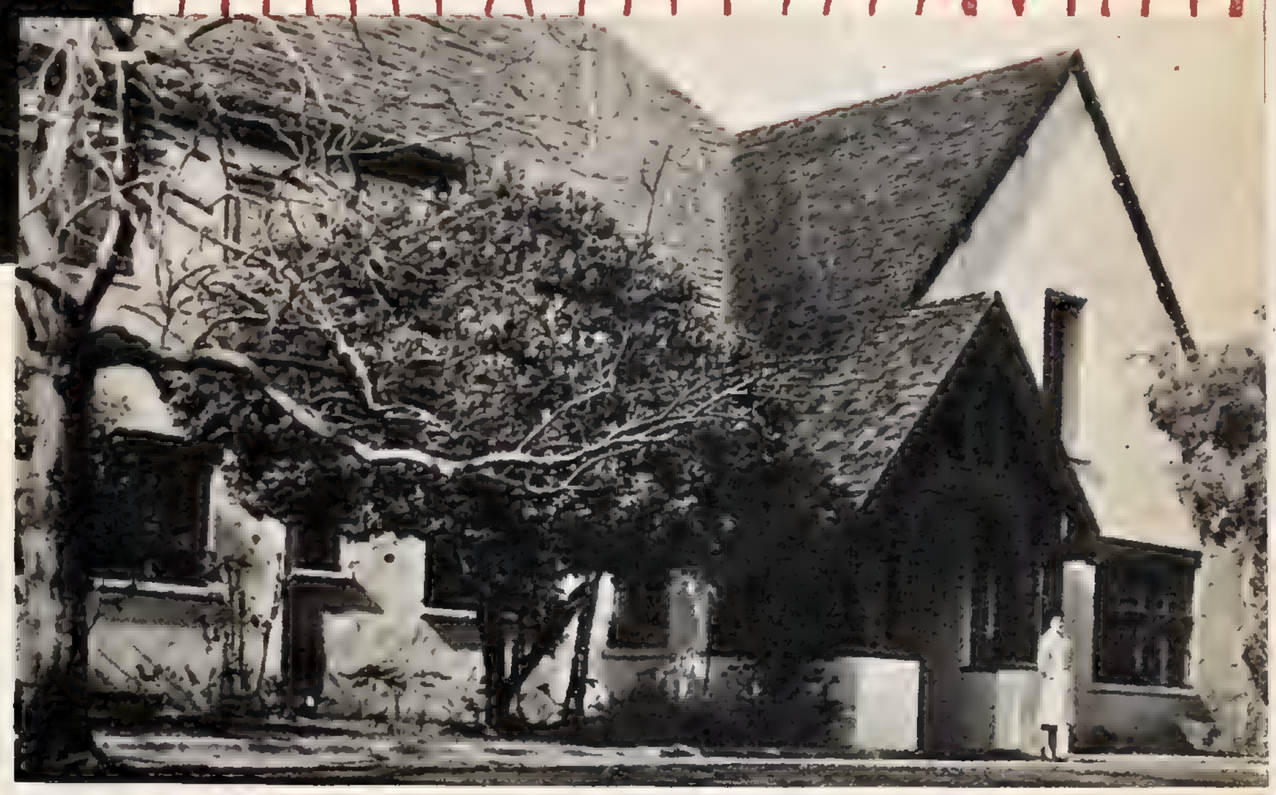
A duet of dreams and an altar date for Johnnie Johnston and Kathryn Grayson of "Till the Clouds Roll By"

Katie and Johnnie are sweethearts

They want children of their own—four of them

Together! If one goes on tour, the other will go right along

Now—she lives alone with Throckmorton



They'll live in Katie's new fifteen-room Brentwood house

BY SHEILAH GRAHAM

"I LOVE Katie," says Johnnie Johnston, speaking to me but looking at Kathryn Grayson.

"I love Johnnie," says Kathryn Grayson and she looks at Johnnie and he looks at her. Then he kisses her and I feel I should leave but I need a few more details so I stick around until things are back to normal, more or less.

We are in the large cathedral-like living room of Kathryn's new fifteen-room house in Brentwood, and Johnnie's four-and-a-half-year-old daughter Julie is pretending to play the big organ. She says she is playing the wedding march. Kathryn laughs and says, "A friend of mine at the studio has been practicing the wedding march to play at our wedding."

Then, of course, I have to ask, "When are you two getting married?" and Kathryn replies, "On December 13. We'd like to be married right here in this living room; it would make a lovely room for a wedding, if only we had some furniture in it." But because the marriage was decided upon in such a hurry, after Johnnie went to Las Vegas to divorce his wife Dorothy, they will now be married in a church—probably the Congregational Church in Westwood, Los Angeles. And I think that pretty little Kate with her dark hair and dark eyes and sweet face, and her blond, blue-eyed Johnnie will make a very handsome couple.

"You see," says Johnnie explaining the rush, "after five months of negotiating the financial settlement with my wife Dorothy she finally divorced me in California last July, and it takes a year for that divorce to be final and that was too long for us both to wait. So

This time for keeps, they both say—to music. Johnnie's seen in "This Time for Keeps"

It happened on the set of "It Happened in Brooklyn"—Johnnie kissed the star

Katie and Johnnie are sweethearts

The library is the only room in the house that's completely furnished. Throckmorton comes between sweethearts and studies the scrapbook, too

Career cooperation: It's Johnnie's recordings they're listening to. Then they'll talk them over. They do the very same thing with Katie's songs

Johnnie and Katie like the news that M-G-M may co-star them

I decided to divorce Dorothy in Las Vegas. You see, Kathryn and I are going on a concert tour right away and it is better for us to be married and then we can be together all the time."

Miss Grayson obtained a Nevada divorce from John Shelton in June, 1946, after four and a half years of marriage and thirteen reconciliations! But there seem to be no doubts in Kathryn's mind this time that her new marriage will be a success. "I have a great desire," Katie says earnestly, "to prove that in this town a marriage between show people can really work."

"We've decided," interrupts Johnnie, "that it's being apart from one another that breaks up show-business marriages. So when either of us goes out of town, we'll both go. We've decided not to be kept apart by our profession and we figure we can make enough money and stay in (*Continued on page* 97)

A harmony pair with so much in common—golf, bowling and Katie's cooking

WHAT SHOULD I DO?

YOUR PROBLEMS
ANSWERED BY
CLAUDETTE COLBERT

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am desperately in love with my husband, but he told me not long ago that he didn't care to continue to live with me. He said there was no other woman and I am sure of that.

When he said that he was packing to move, it almost killed me, but I let him go. He was gone about an hour with everything he owned, then he came back like a soaked puppy and said the room on which he had planned had been rented. Since then he has said nothing more about leaving me.

When I try to kiss his cheek, caress his hair and love the back of his neck, he simply pushes me away and says he doesn't care to be fussed over.

He is very nervous. This is partly due to his work, which requires long hours and is very taxing. Do you think I am doing right by letting him remain here even though he is so indifferent to me?

Arna B.

I believe that if you are wise you will cease all demonstration of your affection. There seems to be an immutable natural law that causes a man to leap backward like a cat from a red-hot stove if he thinks that a girl cares more for him than he cares for her—even if they are married. Wise women, through all time, have loved deeply but have not allowed men to believe that they were the more deeply beloved.

If you hope to save your marriage, an era of coolness at this time will accomplish twice as much as smothering your husband in a blanket of affection.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

Here is about the biggest problem a girl can have: I lie like a rug. Personally, I blame it on having wanted to act since I was a little girl but never having gotten enough nerve to walk into a playhouse around here and ask for a course in dramatics or a job.

I tried to cure myself of this habit one afternoon, by not telling one single lie to anybody. If you only knew what a deadly dull time I had. Those few hours seemed like a thousand years because I had nothing to tell the people I met, and nothing at all to say.

Ordinarily, I am quite the life of the party because I pretend that I have just seen a dreadful accident, or I know some secret misbehavior on the part of important people, or I just tell some exciting thing from my family's past. I know that some of the girls in my gang tell little white lies, but I have never bothered with stupid makeshifts. When I lie I lie about great big important things.

I am hoping you can think of some way to cure me. Please don't ask me to confess to the kids that most of my tall stories are lies. I would never have nerve enough to do that.

Rhoda C.

I shan't ask you to confess your previous lies to your friends, but in return I must ask you to stop immediately telling lies. Do you realize that what you do is a very dangerous and slanderous thing? You must not make up gossip about important people. My inclination is to tell you that you need a good spanking and perhaps a psychiatrist. I do not think lying is a weakness, but a **(Continued on next page)**

Photoplay Fashions In Color
Start on Page 81

What Should I Do?

deliberate habit you have formed for your own enjoyment. Perhaps you should try keeping quiet and letting someone else have the stage.

Your whole future life depends on your ability to stop your lying today and to realize what serious trouble you can get into if you continue in this. Submerge your ego enough to stop telling lies and get full enjoyment from the people you meet by allowing their true personalities to come out.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I met Jack when I was in seventh grade and he was a freshman in high school. We have been going steady ever since. I am now twenty-one. We became engaged the night I graduated from high school.

However, I have a serious problem. Jack and I disagree on a great many different things. If I make a statement with which he does not agree, he slaps me. One day because I was afraid to dive off the high board, he twisted my wrist until I thought he was going to break it. When we are with friends and I say something he doesn't like, he pinches me until my arms are black and blue.

After one of these incidents I accepted a date with another boy. We stopped into a little lunch stand for a coke and there met Jack with another girl. He came stalking over to our table and hit the boy I was with, knocking him down. Jack was at least twenty pounds heavier and six inches taller than the boy I was with.

Jack is now insisting that we get married. My family is very much opposed to this, and so are the neighbors next door, who have always been very close to me.

When Jack is pleasant, he couldn't be sweeter. But when he gets mad he is a holy terror. Do you think marriage to him might bring me unhappiness?

Elizabeth B.

In your own heart you have already answered the question in your letter. You know, as well as I do that marriage to Jack would not only bring you unhappiness, but might cost you your life.

Although I don't know a great deal about psychiatry, I am reasonably certain that Jack is a mental case. Any man so cruel has had no proper training, or—if he has had proper training—he has taken leave of his senses.

If you are wise, you will wrap up Jack's

Have you a problem which seems to have no solution? Would you like the thoughtful advice of

Claudette Colbert?

If you would, write to her in care of Photoplay, 8949 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood 46, California, and if Miss Colbert feels that your problem is of general interest, she'll consider answering it here. Names and addresses will be held confidential for your protection.

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ring, mail it to him with an explanatory note, then go away for a while. Choose some place of which he would not think, and warn your parents to be on their guard against this man. I don't want to seem to be melodramatic, but you have only to read your daily paper to discover that blood is shed daily by just such a man as Jack appears to be.

Were you never to marry, it would be far better for you than to attempt to build any sort of life with Jack.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am twenty years old and was recently discharged from the Army. I have an enormous inferiority complex because I consider myself hopelessly ugly. Whenever I see a girl I feel like running.

During the entire two years I was in service I had only one date. I ruined this girl's evening because I spent the entire time being afraid that everyone was looking at me and laughing at me. When I called her the next day in hope of making a future date she gave me an emphatic "no."

Now that I am back in civvies I fear I will never again find a girl to date me.

George F.

I believe I am entirely safe in saying that your problem is not your appearance, but your self-consciousness. Any person who spends his entire time thinking not of the comfort and the pleasure and the desires of the person with whom he is spending an evening, but only of his own misery, his misgivings, and the possibility that someone is looking at him, is exceedingly poor company, indeed. Any girl who goes out with you is probably convinced afterward that you were bored and, hence, were ignoring her.

Psychologists claim that the one certain way to gain popularity is to become objective in one's viewpoint. The subjective person is the sensitive, cringing human being who feels that every stone in the world is leveled at him.

If you will repair to your public library and read whatever volumes of Alfred Adler are available, I think you will find precisely the help you need.

Remember that some of the most successful men of all time have been noted for lack of physical attraction.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am married and have a baby daughter two months old, but I am not getting along with my husband at all.

He is twenty-one and I am nineteen. He pays no attention whatsoever to the baby and, as a matter of fact, has admitted that he doesn't like her at all. It makes him furious if I say that I would like to see my mother occasionally. He says the married girl is not supposed to be thinking of her family. However, he spends a great deal of time with his.

I quit my job last January. I had a wonderful position and many friends. My former employer has been begging me to come back ever since I left. My mother has advised me to come home, where she can take care of the baby, so that I can go back to work. My husband contributes nothing to our support. I had money in the bank that I had saved and with that I even paid my hospital bill.

I have been wondering if I should give him a scare and go home. He was discharged from the Navy last January and keeps saying he wishes he were back living the Navy life. He isn't working and hasn't even looked for work.

Vivian L.

First of all, I don't think it is wise ever to attempt to give anyone "a scare." No such drastic action as leaving your husband when you have a small youngster should be undertaken for the dramatic effect. Having studied all angles of a given situation and having arrived at a conclusion, you should act from principles, but never to make a show.

Since your husband was so happy in the Navy, I wonder if your problem might not be solved temporarily by your husband's joining up again. I think that he, like many men of twenty-one, is not quite ready to assume the responsibilities of a family. It is possible that at the end of his enlistment he would have grown up enough to return to you as a sensible and useful man.

Claudette Colbert

Merry Christmas!

Did this Yuletide issue bring you the portraits in color of your favorite woman star and man star? If not, now's the time to put in

Your New Year Bid

in Photoplay's Color Portrait Poll. Clip out the coupon and send to

COLOR PORTRAIT EDITOR, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.

Man.....

Woman.....

MY NAME.....

(Ed. Note: We regret this cannot mean you will receive color portraits of the stars. It means the pictures in full color of the stars receiving the most votes will appear in Photoplay.)

Dear Miss Colbert:

In our city we had three teen-age canteens originally. One was put out of business because the members misbehaved.

The second was run mostly by our high-school fraternities and sororities, so it has become clannish.

Our own group, sponsored by Hi-Y's and Girl Reserves, is the only group in which membership is not restricted.

We have issued cards for charter members and have allowed them to bring one guest but a group of tough kids in this part of town have decided to take over. In spite of the presence of our chaperones, these kids crash every party we give. They are ruining the club's reputation. We are afraid we are going to have to close unless we can think of some solution.

George J.

I think that it is easy, in the midst of an endeavor, to lose sight of the original reason for launching a plan.

Obviously, your groups started out with the laudable intention of forming a club that would keep a group of young people busy and happy . . . and out of mischief.

Those people who are ring-leaders in such an enterprise are not the students most in need of recreation. Active students are so busy and so constructive in their attitudes that they represent no problem. The students most in need of help are usually those who aren't normally included in school functions.

The boys of whom you speak are the ones who need your club desperately. Even though they join only by "crashing" the first few times, if they have fun, and if the chaperones maintain order—those boys will return and contribute, not only to the welfare of the club, but to the orderliness of the entire school.

Why don't you constitute yourself committee chairman of a hospitality group and try to include these recalcitrants in your guest list?

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

Bob and I love one another very much, but the barrier between us is his sister, Delia, a pretty divorcee. She has more boy friends than any other girl I know.

However, she also states that the only person she really loves is her brother. She laughingly told me that she had come between Bob and every girl he ever liked. I can believe this as, when Bob came back from the Army, she kept cutting in on our first telephone conversation, and she even sent me telegrams, signing his name.

When Bob took a job in a town some distance from our home, I moved to be near him and also took a job. We have been planning to be married as soon as we could find a home. However, I have been entertaining doubts, because he still writes to Delia once a week and he worries himself sick if he doesn't hear from her. Occasionally, she calls him long distance—always collect. She has persuaded their father on several occasions to write to Bob, begging him to come home to stay.

I have made up my mind that she shall never become a fireside companion in my home and yet Bob loves her, and if I criticize her it makes him most unhappy.

Polly O.

Frankly, I don't think Bob has grown up yet. So long as a man clings to his family, he is not an emotional adult.

If you were to marry Bob in his present state, there can be little doubt that Delia would interfere with your marriage.

If you are willing to wait for Bob to grow up, you should prolong your engagement, but if this situation doesn't adjust itself soon you would be wise to take an interest in another boy.

Claudette Colbert

Voyager

(*Continued from page* 59) The stage wasn't what it seemed. He hated it. He wanted to get away. Fast. So he'd turned to his second love, the sea. He had no illusions about that. He knew it was imperfect. Fascinating in its ever-changing moods. High waves that slapped you down. Then clear, beautiful and serene.

The pull between theater and ocean had always been a tough one for Van since the years he spent with his grandmother in Long Beach, California, when he was going to high school. She was a colorful woman, highly imaginative, with salt in her veins. She lived next door to the head of the Seamen's Employment Bureau and Van spent his Saturdays over there listening to tall tales.

His grandmother, who'd always wanted to travel, was delighted that summer when the fourteen-year-old Heflin signed up to ship out on a fishing schooner for Mexico. From there on, she was always getting her National Geographic down, marking the places where he was going and making him bone up on them. When he came back she'd listen eagerly while he described what he had seen. Van always took his camera along and made snapshots.

HE went back to Oklahoma University and studied drama, then shipped out two years later on a cargo boat for the Panama Canal. It was when he landed back in New York that he met Channing Pollock and Richard Boleslavski and got the chance he'd always dreamed of. And failed. And went back to sea.

This then was what he wanted. To visit foreign countries, learn their peoples and languages. He took books along with him to study. A LaSalle Extension course in law. He could be a maritime lawyer. A good one. So wherever the boat would dock Van would spend his time ashore in libraries, studying native periodicals, talking to people, visiting points of interest.

He'd had three years on shipboard and was qualified now for his third mate's ticket. But he knew it was not for him. He was beginning to drift. He hadn't cracked a book the last two trips out. And this one to China clinched it. You didn't have to go to Shanghai to see what he saw. He'd seen the same thing in Chinatown in Frisco the night before. A bar.

He thought of the letter from Boleslavski. The wise director, who knew how talented Heflin was, followed him all along on his voyages with philosophy and advice. "Stay at sea until you can't help coming back to the stage," he'd last written. "Then you won't have illusions. The stage will be bigger than you are and you'll be glad to be a part of it. Now you want the stage to be part of you. Stay until you're sure."

Yes, the time had come. All day long Van walked among the joshing sailors and the familiar maritime atmosphere. By nighttime he knew what he wanted. Second loves were not enough. He would go back with humility determined to make himself measure up to the stage, instead of expecting it to measure down to him.

Once Van arrives at a verdict, whether it concerns his future, a political issue, or a script that doesn't add up, there's no compromise. "There can't be," he says. "It would be the end of me to myself." Which rates him as an individualist and in occasional instances the tag of "difficult."

However, the day was to come when he almost reasoned himself out of Holly-

Next Month—
GOLD MEDAL AWARD ISSUE

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wood for keeps. At the time he got the lead on Broadway opposite Katharine Hepburn in "Philadelphia Story," Van was hurt and disillusioned with the whole picture business and he was sure it would be the stage forevermore. After he had completed a year's run with the play, doing the role Jimmy Stewart subsequently played in the picture, and had come back briefly for the strong heavy role with Errol Flynn in "Santa Fe Trail," he still talked and lived the theater. "Let's face it," he said then. "For pictures you've got to be good looking, which I'm not. Have appeal, which I haven't. Or be the world's best actor—which I doubt."

However, the next year he signed a contract with M-G-M and a friend cornered him for an explanation. "I decided I needed Hollywood when I realized Jimmy Stewart played to more people in a week than I had done in two years," he said.

He can always analyze the illusions away. He's idealistic emotionally and realistic in his reasoning, which check and balance makes him the versatile actor he is today. Since his return from the service, where he spent three years in the Field Artillery and later overseas with the Air Corps in the Caribbean, England and France, Van's covered the whole paint palette. His first role was the rugged, gutsy gambler in "Martha Ivers." In "Till the Clouds Roll By" he portrays an eccentric self-styled musical genius. In "Possessed" he drives Joan Crawford to murder as the self-sufficient engineer who rebuffs her love. Now he's enacting the romantic character lead, a mystic philosopher in "Green Dolphin Street" with Lana Turner.

Van constantly underplays off-screen as on. Particularly where it concerns those closest to him. If you really know him, you aren't fooled by the way he casually refers to his wife Frances as "my funny little redhead," to three-year-old Vana as "Little Red" and four-months-old Kathy as the "Littlest Red"—in a sort of crimson sequence—when you know full well how much the Heflin harem means to him.

HE underplayed his own proposal scene as one could never be underplayed on the screen. Though Frances and Van had met before, they'd never gone together until both were weekend guests of the Joe Pasternaks at their ranch. When they returned to Hollywood, Van didn't even ask her for her phone number, much less another date. Of course, being Van, he'd already taken care of that little detail with Pasternak. The next evening he called and asked if he might drop by. When he arrived, he suggested that they go for a drive along the beach. "Fine," Frances agreed. "I'll get a coat." As she flung it around her shoulders and started out the door, Van asked her to marry him.

Later, driving to Malibu, she kept reasoning aloud that he shouldn't marry her yet. "You don't even know me. You couldn't be sure about us," she said.

"Oh yes, I know you much better than you think," smiled Van. "For fifteen years I've known the kind of girl I wanted to marry someday. What she'd look like. How she'd act. She's you, Red. Yes, I know you very well." Van had even analyzed himself a dream girl all his own.

He's a colorful conversationalist, a good storyteller, enjoys philosophizing at great length whether it concerns the future of mankind or the best way to plant cantaloupes. His friend Rex Alcorn, who drops by occasionally to play gin rummy, or so he thinks, says it's nothing unusual to find himself doing all the pruning. "Van just starts talking and the first thing you know you're an expert gardener, and you've watered two acres of lime trees."

No one who knows him is ever misled by his casual placid manner, his slow melodic speech. There's an ever-ready fuse there just waiting for a light. He's extremely nervous, managing to tie himself in Seaman's knots inside most of the time. The night before he played his first scene in "The Strange Love of Martha Ivers," his first film in three years, he couldn't sleep at all from sheer excitement. He stays too keyed up to eat when he's working, and tries to relax with a short nap during the lunch hour instead.

He worries as he does everything else—with enthusiasm. He worries about everything and about nothing. About a slight rash that Kathy has that he's sure will permanently disfigure her. It will take plastic surgery, no less. Even though Frances keeps telling him that lo even by tomorrow it will be gone.

He pays infinite attention to details, and once spent an hour in a Paris book store shopping for a French storybook for Vana, while his GI roommate, Rex Alcorn, a square-shooting Texan and one of Van's best friends, tried to hurry him along. "She can't even read English yet," he pointed out. "What difference does it make which French book you send her?" But Van kept looking through them at the pictures, page by page. "I want her to have the best one," he insisted.

By nature Van is such an informal kind of person. Earthy. Real. At long last he has the kind of home he's always wanted. A spacious two-story informal place with a spreading sycamore tree shading the front lawn and two acres of cantaloupes doing some wild broken-field running down the back of the hills in the rear. He has a versatile little garden back there too, comprising a minute corn field, squash, tomatoes, and a patch of Oklahoma's favorite fruit, black-eyed peas.

Luckily the house is so situated that even on a clear day Van can't see the Pacific. Or Hollywood might find him going out with the tide again. He's sea-shopping now for a cabin cruiser "—a tame one to take the family out in." And the salty gleam comes into his eyes when he shows you the old snapshot album.

"That's the West Cactus, that one the S.S. Santa Maria," he says enthusiastically pointing out the vessels he's shipped out on. "That's Pancho and there's Murphy," he says of two crew members in dirty duck pants, cigarettes dangling from their lips.

There are snapshots of wild stretches of open sea. With no beginning and no end. Of a curly towhead with his collar open, his shirttail partly out, gazing over the rail.

Sometimes he still feels the undertow. Perhaps sometimes he regrets walking away from the Golden Gate. But he's never looked back. You can turn to salt for good that way. And today's voyage is Hollywood.

HAPPY NEW YEAR!

★ ★

DON'T MISS

LUX RADIO THEATRE

Monday, January 13

for the broadcast of

"America's Favorite Motion Picture For 1946"

Winner of the

Photoplay Gold Medal Award

Every year famous Dr. George Gallup's Audience Research, Inc. conducts for Photoplay Magazine a continuous nation-wide poll among movie-goers—to find out which actors, actresses and movies were liked best by the people.

On January 1 the votes will all be counted and the winners named. On January 13 the Lux Radio Theatre will bring you the complete dramatization of the movie which you and millions of other movie fans choose as the "most popular motion picture of 1946."

WATCH FOR THE DETAILED ANNOUNCEMENT OF THE WINNERS IN FEBRUARY PHOTOPLAY OUT JANUARY 10!

★ ★

Notorious Gentleman

(*Continued from page* 41) first Mrs. Grant) and Barbara Hutton, the second, and has also fitted every other girl he has ever had a second date with. Still, asking Cary what are his and Betty's plans, gets you nowhere. He says, mockingly, "I learned how to duck those questions with Barbara."

What's more, that is true. When he knew and trusted you, he used to talk quite freely about Virginia and then "Brooksie"—Phyllis Brooks—when he went around with her. But he clammed up completely on the subject of Barbara from the time of his courtship till today.

It isn't that Barbara "changed" him. Actually Cary "changes" very little—but Barbara's influence—and his wish to protect her—did give him a chance to develop his technique of avoiding the personal—something he has always wanted to do.

For instance, the brash, happy-go-lucky character he so often portrays on screen is not the true Archie Leach, who was born in Bristol, England, even though offscreen he often acts in exactly the same way. He can come breezing up to you, apparently overwhelmed with joy because of your mere presence and you may, perhaps, never see him in any other mood. But if you don't, you see him rarely.

Because his thoughtful, almost melancholy moods are more usual to him than his light-hearted ones. He loves sports and the outdoor life but, nonetheless, he is more a man of the mind than of the body.

When he knows you well enough to be the evolved Archie Leach behind the glittering Cary Grant, he says things like, "The fulfillment of one's ambitions doesn't always lead to happiness, but when I started out I was eager to explore the idea that success means happiness. I wasn't sure, you understand, but I was willing to find out. Now I know that the success is not the happiness. The working is. Working in this profession has given me my greatest happiness. Interested in a role, I escape from myself. In the effort to project a character, any performer has to forget himself. In my case, it lets me get away from my shyness, which I know is a form of inferiority complex, and lets me seem very assured. I'm always happiest when I'm working."

This is entirely true, and is the sole reason he makes as many pictures as he does. It stands to reason that any star in his income bracket doesn't need to make more than one or two pictures a year. And beyond a point, Cary has no genuine interest in money.

He has his lavish home; he has a set of perfect and expensive servants, including a very British "gentleman's gentleman"—and his wardrobe, as absolutely necessary to a male star, holds everything from white tie and tails to numerous lounge suits.

Nevertheless, off screen, he favors seersucker suits which he buys ready-made at a moderately priced store. Even on him, with his broad shoulders and his long limbs, they don't look very good, but he likes their comfort, their immaculate possibilities—and wears them nonchalantly with custom-tailored shirts that cost triple their purchase price. He seldom wears hats off screen, never wears suspenders or garters and avoids socks while wearing the most spectacularly polished moccasins.

In effect, this means he is all for comfort. He likes to think he is lazy—but he works every minute. He says almost wistful things like, "Do you know anything

Next Month—
GOLD MEDAL AWARD ISSUE

DIANA LYNN DISCUSSES
A Love Problem

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about Taoism? To me, it's a worthwhile creed. You just go along with the rhythm of life. It appeals to me because I believe that people and all things should be less active—infinitely more passive."

He actually believes that he believes this—and then comes on sets and fusses, fusses, fusses.

Right now he is engaged in rewriting the end of "The Bachelor and the Bobby-soxer" which he is making at RKO with Shirley Temple. His current producer, Dore Schary, goes into long huddles with him and lets him rewrite lines one day that he will probably do all anew the next day. Dore is a kindly and wise guy, not at all like Mike Curtiz, and yet his is the same "Yes, Cary. Fine, Cary" technique all over again—which Cary will stay blissfully unaware of until this picture, too, is finished.

Actually, he is very keen about "The Bachelor and the Bobby-soxer" and he collapses with mirth—as do the rest of the cast—when he has to take lessons in jitterbugging from Shirley for some scenes.

His is not temperament in the usual explosive sense. It is rather an infinite—and immediate—capacity for taking pains to make every line, every situation, every "takum" as nearly perfect as possible. If Mike Curtiz was hell on wheels on "Night and Day"—and he was—so was Mr. Grant himself. But it wasn't because of the fairly common stellar attitude that he wasn't getting enough footage or sufficient close-ups. Cary has what almost amounts to an obsession about how his lines can be polished—and thus seem more natural.

He is an extremely intense person. There is too much sloppy use of the phrase "a mixed-up guy." So let us say that Cary isn't a "mixed-up guy," but there are two very contrasting sides to his character—and to a great extent they war against each other. Yet perhaps they are what produces the artist in him.

It's rather like his having run away from home and joined a theatrical troupe because he loved the sea. He wasn't at all stage struck. He simply wanted to travel anywhere. So he ends up tied to what, for all its glamour, is essentially a country village and because of his fame, unable to move about with any freedom. It's also characteristic of him that he's never even considered buying a yacht but before the war, whenever he got the chance, he went to sea on freighters—because that way he got closer to the real lure of vast, watery spaces and further away from people who, on big liners, would have tended to affect his privacy.

EQUALLY, when he travels on land, he is more apt than not to drive himself somewhere in his own moderately priced car and to go visiting small towns rather than the large cities. It completely outrages him that because of the autograph mobs he can't walk freely about the streets of New York and characteristically, instead of trying to appease these kids, he gives out hot and deeply felt blasts against their rude conduct. Yet in small towns, he'll stop and chat for hours with garage attendants or lunch-room hamburger slingers. He argues this is because small-town people, even when they recognize him, are always polite and never prying, and are less aggressive than city people.

He thinks he prefers old people. He says, "Whenever I talk to my elders, they teach me something. When they tell of their experiences, no matter how exciting they may have been, they report them in a perfectly passive way—as though they were telling about what happened to someone else. If we could only have adopted this attitude toward our experiences when we were young, think what a lot of grief and confusion we'd have saved ourselves."

He says that—and yet the three people he most admires are terrific human dynamos—Rosalind Russell, Alfred Hitchcock and Ingrid Bergman. Roz is definitely his favorite woman friend, and he talks to her constantly by telephone. Hitchcock is the one man who can get him into any picture by merely requesting his presence. With any other producer, director or co-star he demands full details, a reading of the script, a knowledge of the cast, the budget and so on. But he went into "Notorious" merely on Hitch's say-so.

He is absolutely lyric about Bergman, the actress. He is eager to go on the record as saying she is, to him, the greatest artist before the public today. This sweeps all the actors, including himself, off the board—but this doesn't bother Cary. He is, in fact, one of the few men who regards women as superior in every way. "Innately, in a crisis, a woman is wiser than any man," he says. "I've been very fortunate in knowing many wise women." That's what the man says—but obviously he picks his ladies first of all for beauty.

Yes, he's a contradiction, this Cary Grant—as contradictory as are his Latin looks to his completely English blood—and his passionate love of America. But there are no two ways about his being an artist, a thinker and a gentleman. He's all that—plus that rare, rare soul who, with continually mounting success, gets steadily more kind and more genuine.

MERRY CHRISTMAS!

"Happy New Year, Nancy"

(*Continued from page* 25) may have been confused by his transition from poverty to riches and obscurity to fame.

With the announcement of Frank's break with Nancy his name was linked with the names of several glamour girls. At the Sonja Henie party the day before the story came over the air Lana Turner had been seen dancing with him several times. But Lana, who confesses her heart belongs elsewhere, says she and Frank have been good friends for years. It has been to her that he has talked of his professional troubles, often profiting by her advice. Their friendship, however, has been open. She has been a guest at his home and they have lunched at their mutual studio.

Marilyn Maxwell also came in for her share of rumors, in spite of the fact that Frank claimed neither he nor Marilyn are romantically interested, that there was no particular person in his heart, that it is just that he loved show business and wanted to be with people who share the limelight.

Frank and Nancy were youngsters when they were married. Always it was Nancy who encouraged Frank to go on with his singing, who stayed with him and by him through his lean, discouraging years.

A few years ago when Frank decided to move his family to California he bought the old Mary Astor house on Toluca Lake. Long before Nancy moved into this house, however, while she lived with Frank and their then baby daughter in a bungalow at the Beverly Hills Hotel waiting for their furniture to arrive from New Jersey, her adjustment to Hollywood and the demands of her new life began.

In her quiet way she proceeded to become one of the best-liked women in town. There is a genuine quality about her, a lack of false sophistication that endears her to everyone and in his heart this pleases Frank.

To make certain she kept apace she had her clothes designed by Jean Louis of Columbia Studios. After the Gary Cooper party, she telephoned the designer to thank him for her beautiful frock. "Everyone liked it," she told him.

JOAN CRAWFORD has always been her idea of beauty and taste and one day after lunch at The Club she hurried home to tell Frank that Joan had leaned over and whispered, "Cute hat!"

Nancy's good taste is manifested in their home too. The master bedroom is done simply in blue, with a blue rug and a blue quilted headboard and spread on the big oversized bed. The two adjoining dressing rooms contrast attractively. Frank's is done in a mannish plaid. Nancy's features feminine frills and ruffles. Little Nancy's room too is frilly and feminine. And a large crayon drawing of her father that was drawn by a fan hangs over her bed. Little Frank's room is red gingham with animals and clowns hopping about on the wallpaper and the curtains. The upstairs balcony is divided half into a playroom for the children and half as a guest room with twin beds for any stayer-oners. The living room has a chintzy semi-formality. The dining room is well suited either to family dinners or elaborate parties. It is, however, in the playroom, the only room in which they finally used the furniture shipped from their old home, that they spend most of their time. The two barrel shaped tables with their homey red check cloths are used for dinner tables. Although Mamie lives there as a cook it is Nancy who does all the preparing of food. Italian chicken with its rich sauce or green artichokes with a garlic clove in their folds lend a fragrance to the homey kitchen. And no matter how tempting the food there is always that side dish of cold spaghetti, left over from the day before, at Frank's place. It is the first thing he tastes at dinner. The first thing he looks for.

Louis B. Mayer, head of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, is one of the many who have felt the warmth and genuine friendliness of this home. When Nancy herself cooked a dinner not long ago for forty guests, including Mr. Mayer, he telephoned the next day to say how much he had liked being there and that he had never enjoyed better food. Both Frank and Nancy glowed under the praise.

It is not a home a man would leave unless his confusion was great. Frank's actions proved this. For only a few days after he moved away he telephoned Nancy to ask if he might visit the children. "Yes, come if you wish." Nancy told him. "I won't be there but the children will."

Little Nancy saw him as his car drove up. In an instant she was in his arms there in the garden. Frank Jr., who will be three this month, is still too young for companionship. But between Frank and his six-year-old daughter is a deep abiding love and understanding.

There was the night, for instance, when Frank badly fluffed a line on the air. He sat alone in the living room when he got

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

DON'T MISS - - *The People's Choice of Winning Stars and Pictures from the Gallup Audience Research, Inc. Poll* - - Next Month!

nome and Nancy wisely let him alone. "Do you think he'd like me to be with him, Mommy?" little Nancy asked. "Try it, dear," her mother said. So edging slowly into the room she crept close to her father. Together they sat side by side on the couch not speaking a word but drawing comfort from each other. And it was there Nancy served each of them a dinner tray.

Another evening little Nancy was sent up to bed as usual while Frank studied a new recording. Soon her crying reached the living room and Nancy went upstairs. When her wails again reached the room Frank called to her sternly.

"You didn't read to me," she sobbed.

"Come here, Nancy," Frank said, and she approached hesitatingly, not quite sure of the outcome. Slowly he gathered her in his arms. "What story will it be, Nancy?" he asked. "Will it be Cinderella tonight?"

Life was simple at the Sinatra's. Dinners on red gingham cloths. Bedtime stories. Frank's bow ties which Nancy made by hand. The seldom used built-in bar, for the Sinatras are temperate people. Friends, largely people who work with Frank, song writers, radio and theatrical people, to spend a holiday afternoon or an evening. Conversation of music or the same simple homey talk that goes on in thousands of American homes, the house mortgage, the children's teeth, the monthly bills.

ONLY recently was there time for restlessness. Before, with Frank and Nancy, poverty, broken hopes and dreams, then a glimmer of hope and finally the hard road up, were things to share. Through it all Nancy never let Frank down. And he was a good husband and a devoted father, even in the little ways. Although his business trips were many he never took his absences from home for granted. Always he returned with a lovely gift for Nancy and exciting toys for the children.

But success, completely realized, was different. And when Frank found the outside temptations, demands and stimulation that came with it were things he couldn't share he began to suffer from the delusion that only with personal liberation could he hope for happiness.

However, those closest to the Sinatras believe that this mirage of happiness disappeared even as Frank reached for it, that as he closed the door of the Toluca Lake house his need for Nancy and his children and home swept over him.

No one was surprised, therefore, that night at Slapsie Maxie's when, after a few turns around the floor, Frank danced Nancy to the door, drove her to his apartment where they had a long talk and the next day returned home.

It won't be easy for Frank and Nancy to hold fast to their marriage. For a long time, as long as Frank's youth and fame endure perhaps, they will have to be stronger than all the difficulties—the gossip, the temptations, the separations, the nervous tensions—that will beset them. But to sustain them they will have their love of home and children and each other. They will have, too, all the dear customs and traditions born of their eight years of marriage and the long courtship which went before. Traditions like New Year's Eve, for instance.

It's good to be able to think that this New Year's Eve they'll be together again, that though the fun be at its height on the first stroke of twelve Frank, as always, will seek his wife's side, kiss her tenderly and say—more solemnly perhaps than ever before, "Happy New Year, Nancy!"

Gold Medal Award Winners

Next Month

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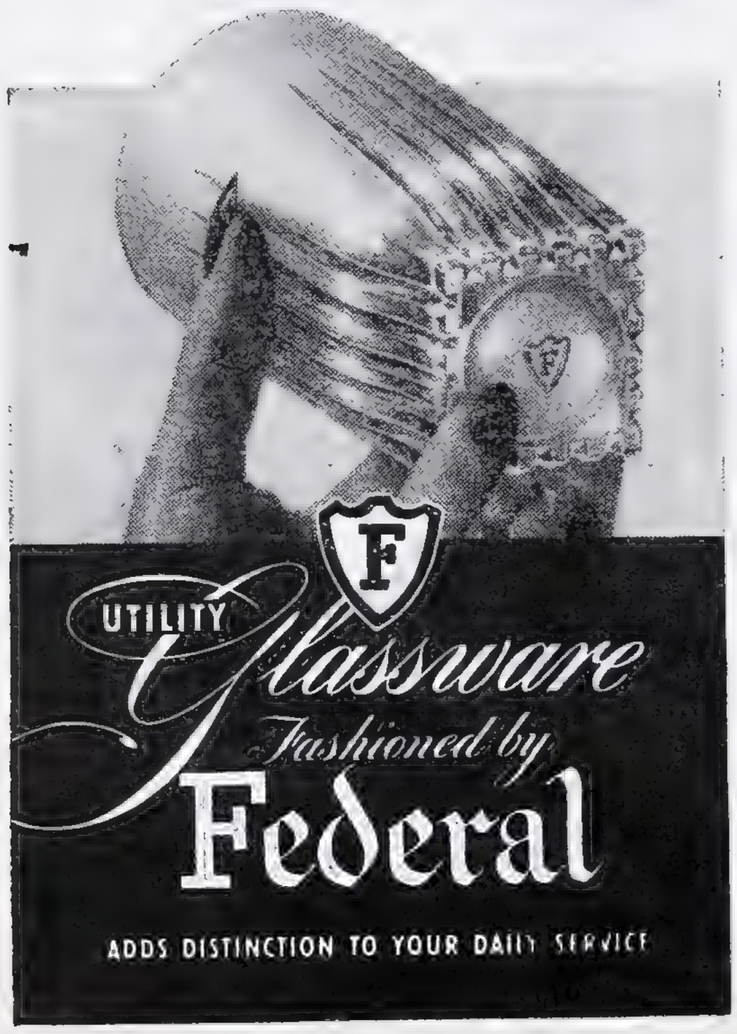

Blue Jeans and Mink

(*Continued from page* 35) time the elderly couple had gone home—which was their big mistake. For had they carried their sleuthing a little further they would have discovered a number of unpredictable Yvonnes all housed in the same intriguing frame.

The start of the De Carlo-Lancaster idyl was typical. The minute Burt stepped on the Universal lot (description—tousled light brown hair, blue eyes, six feet three inches of muscular build), all the matchmakers at the studio said, "Yipes! We must bring him and Yvonne together!"

So they did. The setting was perfect—a romantic tropical set complete with palm trees. The costumes were perfect: Burt was dressed in prize-fighter tights for his role in "The Killers," and Yvonne was wearing one of her breath-taking dancing costumes. But the result! Bored at first sight! They each nodded a brief and faintly sneering, "How do you do," and then walked rapidly in opposite directions.

TWO months later, Yvonne went to a big Hollywood party escorted by a man who had best remain nameless. The dress she wore was one of her De Carlo designs—a gray background print with big splashes of red and yellow flowers picked out in sequins. She was warmly cordial to everyone she met—and then she remet Mr. Lancaster. The bow she gave him was ice trimmed. But he acted as if she had enveloped him in a torrid embrace.

"Darling!" he shouted. "I've been waiting impatiently for you to come—let's dance!" Dance they did. And while they danced they exchanged insults.

"What a stuck-up, affected star role you were playing when I first met you," murmured Burt in her ear as they tangoed.

"May I say the same? And you haven't changed on second sight," said Yvonne in her most honeyed tones.

But Burt had more to say and he said it. "Know when I first liked your looks? When I saw you a week ago, walking across the lot on your way home. You were wearing flat sandals and a little print peasant dress. You looked like an Italian peasant girl and you looked swell!"

"You mean I looked natural?" snarled Yvonne.

"Exactly. And you look *almost* natural tonight!" he added.

So what was the result of Meeting Number Two? She ditched her escort and went to dinner with Burt to continue the Battle of the Sexes. It's been going on ever since, at swimming pools, amusement parks, symphonies and stables. Speaking of stables, when Yvonne finishes with Burt, he'll be as much of a horseflesh expert as she—she's teaching him all the tricks of riding. Meanwhile they carry on their kidding-quarrelsome romance everywhere in Hollywood . . . whenever she isn't off boating with Stirling Hayden. Or talking aviation with Howard Hughes. Or going out with some new swain.

Not that she doesn't have women friends, too, whom she jams into her jigsaw puzzle days. She sees Pat Starling, Helen Walker, Ava Gardner and Maria Montez regularly and often.

But mainly she's acting on impulse—all over Southern California. On Sundays, for instance, her telephone rings steadily with invitations to come swimming at lavish pools, in her most lavish bathing suits. But does she accept? No. Because, much earlier that morning, Stirling Hayden had walked from the sixty-five-foot schooner he calls home across a dock and into a public telephone booth. There he had called Yvonne and said "How about some day labor on your day off, kid?"

And Yvonne, lying in her huge bed looking up at its silken canopy, had said, "Surest thing you know!" With which she had replaced her satin night gown with a pair of faded and paint-splashed blue jeans. Then she had added a pair of dirty tennis sneakers, a patched shirt and she was ready to kiss her mother goodbye for the day and drive down to Santa Monica harbor and Stirling's boat—to swab decks and polish brass with Stirling.

Her parties are as unpredictable as her life. To begin with, they're so small they can hardly be called parties . . . yet the most unexpected things happen at them!

TAKE the last one. She gave it in honor of the RCAF flier who made her a star by leading twenty buddies in sending her picture to Walter Wanger. His name is Ken Ross-MacKenzie and he had just flown down from Vancouver. The minute Yvonne heard his voice over the telephone, she shrieked cordially, "I must give a party for you—tonight! Come at six!" She then gave him the address of her one-acre ranch in San Fernando Valley (which boasts a one-string of horses), and called Ava Gardner, Burt Lancaster, Maria Montez and Pierre Aumont.

Then she herded her mother into the kitchen to get a bouffet dinner, topped by a big ham. At six o'clock, Ken Ross-MacKenzie arrived, and Maria and Pierre.

They were coated knee-high with mud.

Yvonne was amazed. "Where did the mud come from?" she inquired.

"From the road outside your house," they informed her sourly. "No doubt you overlooked it, but all the roads around here are torn up. The city is apparently laying pipes. And we will bet you two to one that your other guests never get here."

They lost their bet because both other guests arrived. But Burt Lancaster was an hour late, and Ava Gardner two hours tardy—and each blanketed in mud. Their cars were stuck hopelessly in ruts a block away. Burt got his out—with the help of a tow-truck and some heavy boards—in time to go home but Ava's stayed tipped in a muddy ditch all night long. She hitched a ride home with the other guests.

After dinner three neighborhood musicians plowed through the mud to entertain them with a jam session. It was a fine party . . . although everyone spent it in their stockinged feet to avoid tracking mud on Yvonne's new rugs!

One of the most unpredictable things about Yvonne is her attitude toward the "Keep Face" rule of Hollywood—where everyone buys swimming pools, mansions, cars and coats on the installment plan, but nobody mentions same. Nobody except De Carlo. When she first bought her one-acre estate she told everyone blithely, "Yes when I get the mortgage paid off it'll be mine, all mine!" Everyone gasped. Nobody had a comeback for that kind of repartee because nobody in those parts had ever before heard it.

By the time a mink coat came into her life, people should have been used to her honesty. The mink coat was a result of a good-will tour she made to Mexico.

"I simply have to have a mink coat

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IN FEBRUARY PHOTOPLAY!

and I can't afford one," she told people at parties. "Natch, I'll have to rent one for the trip!"

"Natch," everyone murmured uneasily. Renting mink coats is common practice in Hollywood. But if you waited to hear it talked about, you'd wait forever.

"It only cost me $50 a week rental," was Yvonne's next report. "And what a beauty!"

The end of the story is that after she'd worn the rented luxury for three weeks in Mexico she couldn't bear to let it go. She bought it.

"Even though I can't afford it and it means cutting down on other things plenty," says she. "But now, at last, I've got a home, a horse and a mink coat." She could have added that she has a very glittering screen future which may make mink coats and mortgages less of a problem. "Song of Scheherazade" in which she's starred with Jean Pierre Aumont will be released any minute now—and there's "Slave Girl," now in the making—and both of them are in gorgeous Technicolor.

THEN there's her wardrobe, which is the most unusual one in town.

Everywhere she goes she picks up ideas for it. A present from A. C. Blumenthal in Mexico City provided the basis for one stunning outfit. He gave her a black patent leather belt with the silver soles of bare feet marching along it, and one huge silver foot making the clasp. It has matching black gloves, with the silver feet used as cufflinks on them. With these eye-stopping accessories she wears plain black, in a dress designed by her and made by her dressmaker Dorothy Thompson.

But everything inspires an outfit. The New York musical "Carousel" gave her another idea, inspired by a chorus girl's costume: A laced-bodice dress in bright green, worn with a hat decked in cherries. Everywhere she goes she buys materials in all colors but black—each material giving her an idea.

One reason for her enthusiasms is that she has energy for them. Where most people drop dead of exhaustion, Yvonne is just getting started. On a recent flying trip to New York, this was an average day: She bought two coats, four dresses, a pair of earrings, two handbags, fifteen albums of records, twelve highball glasses; she lunched at Toot Shor's, dined at "21," and saw the play "Oh Mistress Mine"! Home again to her hotel suite? She turned on her rented record machine and contentedly played all the records she had just bought, including the original "Salome" dance record. Argentine rhythms and African and Chinese music—whose wailing chants fascinate her.

"The truth is that I'm trying to live two lifetimes in one, I guess," Yvonne sums it all up. "I read all the time, three books at once. Right now I'm reading 'Lie Down in Darkness' and 'Lion in the Streets.'" She laughs. "And *another* book—'How Never to Get Tired!'" That's one book Yvonne doesn't need to read. She might very well have written it herself with all that boundless energy. And every erg of it goes into whatever she does—be it swabbing decks in paint-splashed blue jeans, riding horseback in jodhpurs or premiere-ing in the mink coat she couldn't really afford!

HAPPY NEW YEAR

GOLD MEDAL AWARDS GO TO

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The answers—Next Month!

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Luxor contains *Carbamide*, the ingredient long familiar to surgeons, which helps relieve the tiny cracks and scratches that make hands *look* red, feel *rough!*

Luxor
HAND CREAM

Call for Caulfield

(*Continued from page* 48) rights—and airing their senses of humor. To hastily introduce the Caulfields, they are:

Mr. Henry R. Caulfield plays the role of father. He is a pleasant businessman, comptroller of a New York aircraft company, and he was utterly unaware of the theater until his offspring got into it.

Mrs. Henry R. Caulfield, a charming woman who never had a career.

Sister Mary (age twenty-five), now Mrs. David Parker, who works for American Airlines in flight planning.

Sister Betty (age twenty-two), who's Joan's sidekick, fellow actress and the source of continual family upheaval.

And Joan herself (age twenty-four), who does her own bit toward family upheaval.

THE Caulfields now have two homes, one in New York City, which is headquarters for Father Caulfield and any other Caulfields who happen to be in New York acting or vacationing or just living. The other is in Hollywood, California, and is Western headquarters for all Caulfields. They keep in constant communication by telephone—particularly to register outrage over something the other camp has just done. For instance, one magazine interviewer somehow twisted around an interview with Joan and stated that her family dominated and tyrannized her. In general Joan was pictured as a Cinderella fighting wicked relatives in every direction.

No sooner was the article printed than Joan's telephone in Hollywood began to ring menacingly. Every time she picked it up another pained Caulfield voice said bitterly into the other end of the wire, "It's all right for you to get ahead, Joan; that's okay. But kindly don't use us as goats. We resent it!"

"Maybe you're a star," the voices told her, "but we're still alive back here and certainly kicking—in our unimportant way." And so on far, far into the night. Since it was not Joan's fault, she did her own shouting into the telephone . . . and ever since, at every interview, she's been at pains to underline the unvarnished truth about her very active family.

Until eight years ago, the Caulfields lived outside of New York, in West Orange, New Jersey. Here Joan was born, and here she went to school at Theodore Roosevelt Junior High School and at Miss Beard's School. All this time, she acted enthusiastically in school dramatics—much to the careless amusement of her untheatrical family. Summers the family migrated to Spring Lake to their summer home, where Joan recaptured their respect by winning tennis cups in all the matches.

But when she was sixteen, the entire family moved to New York, and Joan really began coming into her own. She went to Columbia University, where she spent two and a half years acting with intensity. Afternoons, she began easing over to Harry Conover's Model Agency and landing herself very fine modeling assignments—mainly in the field of mail-order catalogues. But also in fashion advertisements . . . and finally in four Life Magazine layouts and one Life cover!

It was the week that she was on the cover of Life that she dexterously turned her own life upside down.

She was having a coke between modeling assignments with her friend Leila Ernst, who acted in George Abbott shows on Broadway. Huddled over the drugstore soda fountain, Leila spoke of the glories of the professional stage. Joan had never before thought of herself as a real actress. But suddenly she determined to walk into George Abbott's office and demand a job—now, while she hadn't given the terrifying idea a second's thought.

She stepped hurriedly out of the drugstore, paused at the nearest newsstand and bought a copy of Life Magazine—with herself on the cover. Then she rushed over to George Abbott's office. Gripping the magazine cover-side-down under her arm (in her confusion) she asked the receptionist for a chance to act and an appointment with the famous director.

"Any experience?" said that lady.

"Well, not professionally," admitted Joan.

"Sorry," said the receptionist.

"Wait!" shouted another voice—Mr. Abbott's secretary, who had been peeking at Joan through a half-opened door.

So Joan got a chance to recite lines before the Great Man. It wasn't until she was out on the sidewalk again that she remembered she'd forgotten to flaunt her picture on Life Magazine! She'd kept it concealed under her arm for the whole performance.

HOWEVER, she got the job anyway . . . a small underwear-wearing part in the musical "Beat the Band." In it, wearing scanty panties, a bra and a transparent negligee, she appeared briefly but to the point. But ahead of time, she said nothing to her conservative family either about her costume or the "sexy" walk she had rehearsed in the alley back of the theater.

The result was that the entire Caulfield clan turned up for the trial run in New Haven without the faintest idea of what their namesake was up to. However, they still felt the sheepish foreboding that any healthy family feels for the member who might make a fool of herself any minute now. They shuffled into their seats and sat down in a tight, nervous knot. Shortly their relative appeared, almost as they had glimpsed her in the bathroom at home. They were horrified—particularly when a whole claque of Yale freshmen began chanting, "Boy, what a babe! Boy, what a babe!"

Then Joan's little sister Betty asserted herself to save the family honor. Indignantly she shouted, "That's no babe—that's my sister!"

Naturally, this brought down the house. As every head in the audience swung their way, the Caulfield family's disapproval shifted at once from Joan to Betty. They didn't speak to her for the rest of the evening. For that matter, Joan had a hard time getting them to speak to her later on—but finally she convinced them that good theater demanded a girl's figure as well as her mind.

It was a good thing she succeeded in broadening their outlook, because her next role on Broadway had her pretending to be an illegitimate mother for fourteen months straight. She was the lead in the hysterically funny comedy "Kiss and Tell," playing the dizzy role of *Corliss Archer*. When Paramount snaffled her away from New York for a Hollywood contract, her sister Betty stepped into the *Corliss* role, so as one Caulfield arrived in Hollywood, another kept the family name in lights on Broadway.

In Hollywood, Joan and her mother rented a four-room furnished apartment in a building boasting a tennis court and swimming pool. Here Joan set up pictures of the Caulfields in every room, moved in a new victrola-radio, and settled down. Around home she invariably wears a cerise housecoat and scuff slippers; outside

Watch for Photoplay's Gold Medal Award winners — next month

she's almost invariably in sports clothes. She jangles two gold bracelets on her right wrist, each bearing a gold medal. One medal says: "Miss Susie Slagle's" and the other "Kiss and Tell."

In the two years she's been a Hollywood citizen, she's been out with many Hollywood men—but her two pet dates of an evening seem to be actor Stirling Hayden and dialogue director Jimmy Vincent. Her daytime dates—always on a tennis court—are Billy Bakewell and Major Martin Work. As far as that saying goes, "the way to a man's heart is through his stomach"—Joan twists that to mean that the way to *her* heart is through her stomach! With this in mind, she demands dinners at her favorite places, which are French and Chinese restaurants. After that she drags her dates home to prepare deliciously complicated desserts like Cherries Jubilee or Crepes Suzettes. She can't cook anything simple. Or non-fattening.

She's a renegade about the comic strips; she won't read 'em. But her nose is generally buried in a best seller, or a Thomas Wolfe book. She drives (terribly) a green convertible to and fro, nearly always carrying on a loud argument or two with truck drivers who get in her way. Someday she'd like to be hemmed in by a husband and children, with her career present only if it fits into her home life. She despises shopping for clothes, so her mother shops for her. She won't take time out for naps, so saves time by lying for a few minutes with her feet higher than her head—then, full of pep, takes a long walk.

There's only one trying trait to be found in Joan, according to her family: Her love of lovely smells. When she dresses for a date, she pours a whole bottle of pine oil in the bath, douses herself in a flower eau de cologne, finishing off with ginger-smelling bath powder. And dressed—she saturates herself in French perfumes.

"By the time I get into the living room, ready to go, I smell like four hot-houses rolled into one—and my family is asphyxiated and screaming!" laughs Joan. "They usually make me wait outdoors until my date arrives—and then talk me out of using any perfume at all for a month."

But if that's her only fault, nobody's complaining. Except the Caulfields. They have to live with her!

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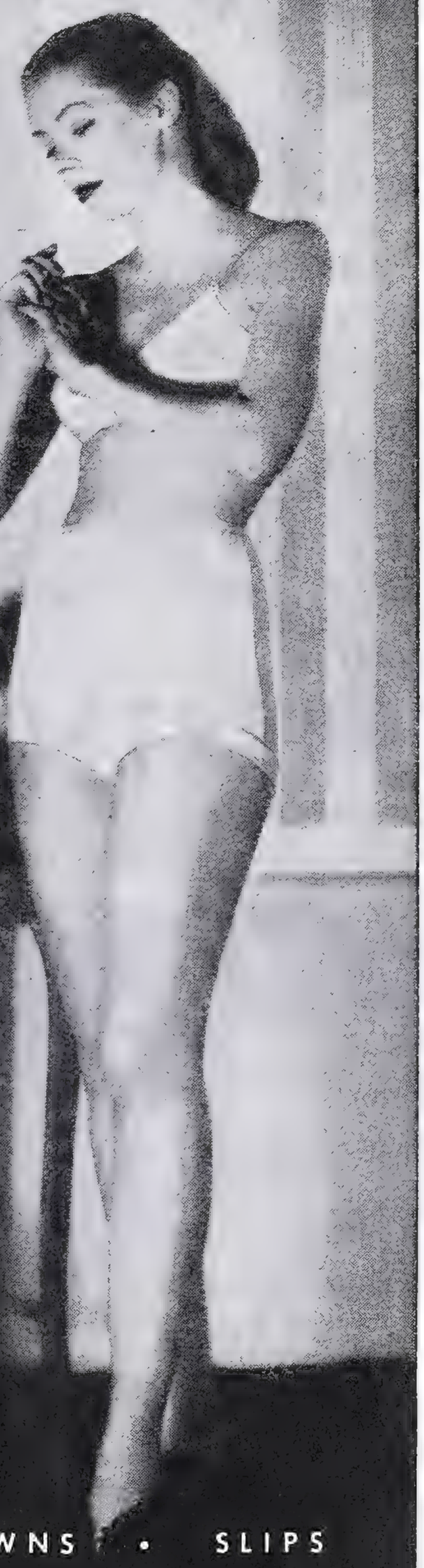

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Nestle BABY HAIR TREATMENT

(*Continued from page* 45) trying to improve herself. When the nation began to grow Latin-America conscious she began to study Spanish. Her speaking voice grows lovelier all the time. It has an increasingly "alive" lilt to it that makes her provocative.

And now for the first four resolutions, all of them Goddard-inspired.

1. I will get enough sleep to maintain my best temper.

2. I'll do toning up exercises every day, aware if I am to be mentally and spiritually alert I must be physically alert also.

3. I'll carry myself well. I'll keep my shoulders back, chest out, stomach in, head high—in the posture of poise. I will guard against a lazy slump which is ugly.

4. I'll be aware, realizing that a woman who does not know what goes on in the world can not hope to be attractive or good company, especially for men.

A FEW words now about my second Hollywood dream girl, Lizabeth Scott. "Streamlined Scott," they call her. For during her years as a New York model she learned the secret of grooming is to have "an uncluttered look."

Lizabeth, who wears tailored lines in evening clothes, suits, dresses and even nightgowns, under-dresses instead of overdresses. She doesn't go for extreme broad shoulders because she has broad shoulders of her own. She wears wide belts to accentuate her waistline. She frames her face with plain necklines, for she knows the value of her beautiful golden hair.

"It is the fit and spruceness of a suit or dress or coat that's important," she says. "The time and money spent first on fitting, pressing, mending and cleaning cannot fail to be time and money well spent."

Which brings me to resolutions five through nine; namely:

5. My closet will be a showcase for my clothes, with a hanger for every garment and boxes for my hats. To this end, I will discard those things I should not wear.

6. I'll keep my clothes brushed, cleaned and repaired. However slim I may be when I wear a straight skirt I'll wear a girdle so my skirt will not look bagged out, and sat upon. I'll brush my suits before and after each wearing. I'll keep my blouses fresh and well ironed. My shoes, too, I'll keep in a good state of repair at all times, brushing suede shoes before each wearing, using shoe trees always.

7. I'll be careful in the choice of my shoulder line, waistline, hemline and the length of my jackets. I'll choose a shoulder line broader than my hips to balance my figure. I'll insist the length of my suit jackets balances my figure. For a jacket that is too long will cut the height of a medium-sized girl and a jacket that is too short will give her a lanky look. When it comes to my hemline I'll see that my slips are the right length, that they neither show below my skirt nor leave a show-through area when a dress is sheer.

8. I'll get myself an attractive, mood-brightening rainy-weather outfit so that I need never hide under my umbrella.

9. I'll endeavor to be meticulous about my conduct, too. I will be thoughtful, remember appointments, be punctual, keep a record of dates so I do not fail to send my friends cards or notes upon their important occasions.

Linda Darnell comes next. Linda today is considered one of Hollywood's greatest beauties. She learned to use cosmetics to enhance her natural beauty, but above all, she takes care of her skin. Every night, before washing her face with soap and water, she applies a cleansing cream. She uses cool water to rinse off the soap and then dabs her face with a mild astringent. A nourishing cream comes next for a lubricant. Linda doesn't leave this cream on all night, wiping it off before retiring.

She likes to experiment with cosmetic colors. However, she never veers very far from those shades which fit into her creamy skin tones. She sets the pace of her face coloring with her lipstick—a good idea, incidentally—which is a clear dark pepper red. Purple shades she doesn't wear —*unless* her costume calls for a faint blue tone. Orange tones she doesn't wear at all.

"I never patch my make-up," she says. "I do a complete change of make-up twice a day and again in the evening."

Our greatest beauty, as Linda proves, is achieved only by an infinite capacity for taking pains.

So increase your loveliness—resolve further:

10. I will apply cosmetics strategically and sparingly—and thus enhance my good points rather than disguise them. When I wear bright colors I'll choose a bright, clear red lipstick. With pastels and pink and blue tones I'll use a light lipstick with a pinkish cast. I'll keep to the natural line of my mouth, aware my own expression contributes largely to the one thing I have that nobody else has—my individuality.

LAST of all comes Beverly Tyler. If you have any doubt about the beauty value of extreme personal cleanliness consider Beverly. She is as lovely as she is because she is an extremist about cleanliness. She scrubs her face, neck, hands and arms with a complexion brush. For a rinse she uses cold water. Twice a day she takes a brisk shower, first to awaken her skin in the morning and then to relax and cleanse her pores of dust at night.

So her toothbrush will be antiseptic, Beverly keeps it in dry salt and soda when it isn't in use. She carries small pads of antiseptic gauze in her purse to polish her teeth to brightness.

"The instant I take off a dress or suit, I hang it before an open window and brush it, especially at the neck and shoulders where dust and stray hairs are likely to collect," she says. "Fresh air and dampness are good cleansing agents. So is sun."

To clean her dark gloves, which, of course, collect the same amount of dirt that white gloves collect, Beverly rubs them with a cold damp cloth after each wearing. Then she brushes them briskly.

Cleanliness, as one look at Beverly proves, is indeed akin to beauty. So are the resolutions which she influenced:

11. I'll remember that the most important aspect of a woman's charm is her freshness and cleanliness. I never will be without a deodorant and toilet water, and my daily bath will be a beauty treatment as I relax completely in a scented tub.

12. My hands will receive beauty treatments beyond the scope of regular manicures. I'll cream them. And to protect them while doing small chores about the house, I'll keep a bottle of lotion on my kitchen shelf. My hair I'll brush regularly. And following shampoos I'll rinse my hair carefully so it will be free from soaps. To soften my hair I'll add a final rinse of lemon or diluted vinegar.

Ring out the old, ring in the new—the new year, the new woman you can be, and the new life you can know.

Happy New Woman!

Watch for the winners of Gold Medal Awards—in February!

"My Baby Will Be a Yankee"

(*Continued from page* 32) her studio problems.

He isn't a good-looking man in the accepted Hollywood sense of the word. But he has real charm and attractiveness. He leads his own life independent of Bette's. An artist, with a definite leaning toward medicine, Sherry had done fascinating work sketching operations for the Medical Corps during the war.

"How gruesome!" I gasped—and got a *look* from my doctor.

I said to Bette, "This is time for you and me to have our coffee together and leave these men alone."

So as we sat down cozily tête-à-tête in the living room, naturally the baby was uppermost in our minds. Bette had said when she knew that she was to have a baby that her child should not be publicized and that any interviews would not be on Bette the mother, but rather on Bette the actress. That's because she felt her coming baby was a very personal matter. But she and I could no more help talking about this new happiness in her life than she can help being a great artist.

I told her then I was sorry that the story about her expected baby broke the very same day that her ex-husband Ham Nelson applied for a marriage license to wed a twenty-two-year-old newspaper writer named Ann Roberts, and that the two "features" had appeared side by side. "Oh, that's good journalism," she tossed it off, laughing, which was not like Bette, because believe me, I know that this New England born and bred girl has a decidedly conventional and proper side.

When "Ham" Nelson told her the day they both knew their marriage was over that if she didn't divorce him he would divorce her, she had said, "Go ahead. I don't believe in divorce. If you want one, you'll have to get it yourself." And to everyone's surprise, he did just that.

BUT it wasn't the past that was interesting Bette tonight. Not good looking Ham Nelson who caused her so much unhappiness or poor Farney who died after a tragic fall in August of 1943. Her whole thoughts are centered on the baby she and Sherry will welcome next spring.

"I hope it will be a girl," she said with the calm directness that is so much a part of her. "I wouldn't know how to manage a boy. But Sherry is so set on a boy he won't even discuss a girl's name. I just ignore him and go on planning names. If it's a boy we'll call him William Grant Sherry Jr. If it's a girl, Lynn Sherry."

"Not Bette Jr.?" I was surprised.

"I don't think so," she mused. "Many people mispronounce my name and call it 'Bet' because of the spelling. It's really just as though it were spelled 'Betty.' No one can mispronounce Lynn . . . No, it is not a family name—but Sherry's father always wanted a girl. He had only sons, and he said, 'If I ever have a girl, I'll call her Lynn.' So, if we have a girl, that will be her name in memory of Sherry's father whom he loved dearly.

"Sherry and I are going back to New Hampshire to await the birth of the baby," Bette told me. "You know, I have to have my baby born a real Yankee. I wouldn't feel it—and yes, I call it 'it'—was a real Yankee unless it's born in a New England

Who wins

Photoplay's Gold Medal Awards?

Find out

In February Photoplay

Is this suffering A WOMAN'S NATURAL HERITAGE?

From Adam's rib woman was created and glorified with many charms and attributes. Nature endowed some girls with beautiful figures—others with soul-stirring eyes and laughing lips—others with vivacious personalities.

But alas! With all these precious gifts, many women—by their very physical nature—suffer from distressing symptoms on "certain days" of the month.

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In case female functional monthly disturbances cause *you*, like so many unfortunates, to suffer from pain, nervous distress, irritability and feel so tired out, restless and highstrung—on such days — this is something you shouldn't joke about! Start at once—try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to relieve such symptoms. It's famous for this purpose.

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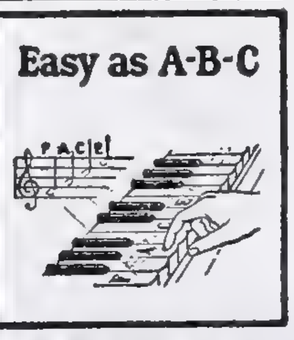

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state." Bette was born in Lowell, Massachusetts.

"Have you made any plans about bringing 'it' up?" I laughed.

"How could I, so soon?" she replied. "The idea of being a mother is so new to me. I have to get used to it first. The other day, a group of telephone operators at Warners sent me a little baby jacket. I looked at it in surprise. For a minute I thought, 'This must belong to someone else.' And then I realized it was for me—Bette Davis Sherry—I am going to have a baby after all these years. Louella, I've wanted one so much—so very much."

Was this girl, with the soft glow in her eyes, the Bette Davis I had known in the past, the brittle Miss Davis with her sophisticated way of smoking a cigarette and her short, clipped manner of speaking? It was *not!*

She's going to spoil a baby just plain out of this world. She's going to be so awed before the miracle of it that her whole life will be centered in a baby's tiny fists. And what's more—no paid nurse is going to have the big thrill of taking complete care of "it." Mrs. William Grant Sherry is going to be a mother who is a mother! I've always said that these so-called "career women" are the most tender and devoted mothers in the world.

BUT, because she is reserved, a great deal of what Bette feels must remain a secret in her heart. Out of the blue, I asked: "What's all this about you and Joan Crawford?"

My guest didn't bat an eyelash. "You know," she said, "Joan asked me the same thing. I know her very slightly. But I think the first thing that irked her was because I have had a cameraman for years named Ernie Haller. He's the best cameraman on the Warner lot—for me at least—and I've always refused to make a picture without him. Joan had the same idea, for which I can't blame her, and when she found he was busy with me, it seemed to upset her. That, honestly, is all I know. There's room enough on the Warner lot for both of us, goodness knows. There's room enough in Hollywood for all actresses."

I persisted, "But what about the battle over whether your picture, 'Deception' or Joan's picture, 'Humoresque' should be released first?"

"Oh, that's very silly. I can't tell you how much I was against Warners' great hurry to get 'Deception' out. We rushed like mad to finish it and believe me, it wasn't any of my doing. You know how fussy I am about my pictures—and how I want them to be as perfect as possible. But I believe Paul Henreid, Claude Rains and I had a wonderful script and the picture turned out well in spite of the rush."

"Is this a film you produced yourself, Bette?" I asked.

"No," she replied, "and between you and me, as long as I remain at Warners, I'm not going to produce any more pictures."

"Stolen Life" had been a picture she produced as well as starred in, and I asked her if she did not like it.

"Yes," she said, "but I'm afraid they don't take me seriously as a producer. I've been under contract to Warners ever since I was a kid and they think it's funny for me to be a producer after fifteen years on the lot."

"Good heavens! Is it fifteen years?"

She smiled, "Yes, and in spite of the tiffs we have had now and then, I'm very fond of Jack Warner." I'm fond of him, myself, but I wanted to hear more about the supposed Crawford-Davis feud.

The rumors had gained snowball momentum. We kept hearing and seeing printed in certain gossip columns that Bette was saying that Joan's picture, "Humoresque" shouldn't be released in time for Academy Award consideration because her own picture is so similar in theme. She is very indignant about the whole gossip.

"Why should I try to keep another star's picture from being released? That isn't my job. It's too silly to discuss. If Warner's pictures sell and are acclaimed, that's all the better for me and everyone else connected with the company. If Joan has a good picture, it should certainly be out in time for Award considerations. There's never any star monopoly at any one studio. Anyone who thinks otherwise is being ridiculous."

"Hasn't Joan had other battles at other studios?" Bette put that question very directly and I had to smile. Well could I remember the famous Crawford-Norma Shearer feud that lasted for years at M-G-M and also an equally hectic one with little Jean Harlow. On the other hand, I couldn't remember Bette, herself, ever having had a battle with anyone on the Warner lot. Maybe, that's all just a coincidence—but it's an amusing point.

Movies, and her many charities away from studio work, have been Bette's complete life for so long I asked her if she wouldn't be at a loss being idle for so many months.

"Not at all," Bette said quickly. "Each one of these 'idle' days will be filled with so much richness for me. Sherry and I will have to get settled at the farm and there's the nursery to plan. The waiting won't seem like waiting in the least. I've already found out that there's a nice little hospital about eight miles from where we live. I'm making arrangements to have our baby born there and then I'll be back in Hollywood in June to prepare 'Ethan Frome.' Henry Fonda has promised to wait until I am ready."

"Will your mother be with you?"

"No, mother's husband cannot leave Palm Springs in the winter. Isn't her happiness wonderful?" Bette smiled. "At her age, I never thought she would marry again. But they are completely happy. He's so nice. We all like him so much."

But Bobbie, Bette's sister, is going East to be with her. She says Bobbie's daughter, her little niece, is so excited and thoroughly believes "it" will be ready to play dolls with her from the day of birth.

"Dolls?" I smiled. "You're really counting on a girl, aren't you? Remember what I say—if you have a boy you'll swear to me that 'he' is what you wanted all along and Sherry will say the same thing if it turns out to be a girl. But it doesn't matter. You're wonderfully happy, aren't you, Bette?"

"*Divinely!*" she said. "Every woman should be married. It's wrong to live alone. I greatly believe that the only happiness for a woman is to have a home and a man coming home every night. Well, I have this now—and I'm going to have a baby. At the risk of sounding corny—can anyone ask for more in life?"

Certainly not Bette Davis, who knows what she has and treasures it with all her heart.

HAPPY NEW YEAR!

Don't miss the winners
of Photoplay's Gold Medal Awards for 1946
Next Month!

Tent Show

(*Continued from page* 43) Audiences on the whole, he had learned, varied so little from show to show one might almost think the population of one town had galloped on ahead to the next town. There were school girls who giggled and pointed out the actors—and the matronly ladies who sat under the hot canvas waving fans in front of their faces. They could be completely won over with one rendition of the Irish-tenor classic, "A Little Bit of Heaven."

Class Number Three, female artists, whom you might expect to be different from other females—weren't. They left make-up kits behind in hotel rooms, lost important parts of their music and fussed over a runner in their opera-length hose, and sometimes wore their hair in curlers while traveling. Slim, brunette contralto Dorothy, who'd gone to college with him; blonde, blue-eyed soprano Eloise, whom he sometimes suspected of crying for the home folks at night; and tall, redheaded Margaret, the pianist who now rode beside him, were all fine troupers. Trouble was, none of them could fix a tire. . . .

AT this point in his thinking, the Chevvy hit the front end of a culvert, leaped into the air and came down with a jar calculated to knock both O's out of Ohio!

"L-Look behind—" gasped Dennis, gripping the wheel with white knuckles. "S-see if they're still with us—"

"I—I can't—" moaned Margaret. "You look."

Turning his head slowly, he was just in time to see Alexus and the two girls settling down from the ceiling of the truck. One look, and he burst into laughter. They were completely coated with dust.

"You should *see* yourselves," howled the driver. "What are you rehearsing for—mud pies?"

The professor usually showed a working knowledge of humor. Not now.

"We do not wish to see ourselves," said Alexus in grim tones. "*We* will now ride up front. Pull over while we change."

There was still some fifteen miles to go at top speed and the professor's driving was even worse than Dennis's. But they made it—with barely enough time to decake the dust, fall into their clothes and step out onto the rough pine-board stage before the heat-saturated spectators.

Afternoon performances were usually a build-up for the evening. The troupe gave forth with ballads and light concert airs—a mere taste of the full, albeit condensed, rendition of "Faust" which might be expected later. This particular afternoon the heat under the big canvas was more than ever oppressive. Some small boys sitting in the front rows, uncomfortable and sticky, were determined that someone should pay for it—and it might as well be the performers. They were armed with angelic expressions, a large bag of peanuts and unerring aims.

For the first time in the troupe's history, "A Little Bit of Heaven" left the audience untransported. Following that, there was the matter of the peanut which lit on the stage just a minute ahead of contralto Dorothy. It was her custom to introduce her first song, the "Habanera" from "Carmen," with a slight Spanish dance.

"Ah love, thou art a wilful, wild bird—" sang Dorothy, moving to the slow and sensuous tempo. "None thy wings may hope to ta-ame—" At this moment she

Next Month

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suddenly left the tempo behind, gave a fast lurch forward as her foot lit on the rolling peanut. Followed a couple of skittish, bird-like hops, a ripping sound as one of her high-heeled Spanish "zapatos" caught in her hem—and with a dull thud *Carmen* landed on her flounces.

The little boys in the front row were, of course, wildly appreciative of this unscheduled entertainment. A few of the oldsters snickered, most of them, tsk, tsked pityingly. Secretly, Dennis had always considered Dorothy a little stiff, even prim, in her impersonation of the seductive cigarette girl. Perhaps this jolt might put a little more abandon into her future numbers. At the moment, however, he rushed forward to cover her humiliation, bursting into "My Wild Irish Rose."

"—the swe-etest flower that grows—You may look everywhe-ere—"

This last phrase struck him fatefully. He suddenly had a picture of himself, digging through the contents of his wardrobe trunk. It wouldn't be there, the long black robe that he needed for the opening scene of tonight's "Faust." No need to look because the robe was hanging serenely back in a hotel room on the other side of Ohio.

What to do about the problem of the missing robe? Temporarily it was solved by borrowing a long black raincoat from a native who surrendered it reluctantly, since "it looked like rain."

In the interlude between afternoon and evening, Dennis and Alexus ran through a short rehearsal of the duel scene. In his relief over the robe solution, Dennis went at the dueling with exuberance. Also with misfortune, because a howl rose from his opponent:

"My leg, my leg—varlet, you've stabbed me!" yelled Alexus. Too true, he had not only cut the leg but ripped a great tear in the professor's red tights. The leg was bad enough, but the tights were tragic, being his only pair. Dorothy darned *Mephistopheles's* red limbs with bright green thread, the only color she had.

NIGHT came finally. The heat now had an ominous, brooding quality. The air under the canvas hung still and dead as marsh water, yet seemed to surge with an underlying threat. The spectators sat in their seats as one huge, waiting mass, perspiration gathering on their faces.

On the stage, Dennis sweltered under the heavy rubber raincoat which the aged *Faust* was wearing that night as he sat in his laboratory mourning his lost youth.

"In vain, in vain do I long for my youth—" tenored the leading man through his gray beard.

"Look, Pop—Santa Claus—!" The exclamation, called by a young demon in front echoed through the house.

Dennis sang louder: "Another day, and yet another day. O Death, come in thy pity and bid the strife be over—"

It was a relief when Alexus appeared instead—even though *Mephistopheles* moved with a limp and a determination to keep the green gash on his leg out of sight.

At that moment the audience jumped at the sound of a sudden and terrifying onslaught on the tent's roof. Rain—sudden, slashing, beating—"like wild horses hooves tearing at the canvas," the professor afterwards described it. For a minute, after the startled crowd had settled, Dennis thought the storm might be a blessing. The tautness inside the tent was broken—the spectators, with nothing to do now but wait out the weather, were ready to concentrate on the performers. So was the rain. . . .

It developed that the tent's roof contained several very bad leaks. The leaks had formed in a little cluster, all of them splashing directly down on the stage. The blue tights, already sweat-dampened, were soon streaked with water. With horror, Dennis wondered if they would shrink—because, as it soon proved, this was to be the wettest "Faust" ever given. *Mephisto*, doing his demoniac dance in the tavern scene, slid half-way across the floor. *Marguerite's* "Jewel Song" was distinguished by crystal drops added to her flaxen braids.

The walls of the tent were beginning to suck in and out like a bellows. The crowd of 800 stirred nervously. The quartette raised their voices louder. . . .

"Oh Night! draw around them thy curtain . . ." sang *Mephistopheles*, "Let naught waken alarm or misgivings ever—"

The Invocation became not sardonic, but serious, to Dennis as he looked to the ceiling and smothered an exclamation. The huge center pole of the tent, planted squarely in the midst of the spectator rows, was partially unloosed from the canvas—a real danger if someone in the audience should observe its whipping about. He had a mental picture of what panic inside the tent could mean. One startled scream could set people scrambling over seats to get out of the way of the pole, then people scrambling over people, children crying as they went down. He shuddered and sang louder.

"All hail, thou dwelling pure and lowly. . . ."

It was hard to keep his eyes away from the top of the pole, he must not draw other eyes to it. His *Marguerite's* eyes, especially, were much too expressive, they would be sure to widen with fear.

"Come with me, my love—" he implored, in full voice. "Don't look at the leaks, dope, don't look at the leaks—" he added *sotto voce* to an indignant *Marguerite*.

THE classic "Faust" was rapidly becoming a burlesque. Its leading man darted here and there on the stage, chased by his amazed and irritated co-performers, all of them slipping, sliding, dripping. He knew the responsibility he was taking. Should the pole actually fall, there would be people caught under it. It was possible the entire canvas would be dragged down with it, trapping 800 humans in a smothering mass. If there was fire, the wind would whip it into an instant fury.

Still, most of the crowd-tragedies of history had been brought on by the victims, themselves. He placed his faith and his prayer in the pole, instead. The condensed version of "Faust," however, must be made to outlast the possibility of panic. He began repeating stanzas—singing phrases over and over—going back to the opening scenes. At the piano Margaret stopped, stumbled, skipped here and there in the accompaniment, glaring at him with hatred. Soprano Eloise was almost in tears as she tried to save the show. There was that in the professor's eyes that said that after this maniacal performance, the Morgan public career was over. And the audience had forgotten the howls of the wind to give vent to their own. They never expected to see anything like this again.

The International Concert and Opera Company left town the next morning, early and quietly. They hoped the village papers would forego any reviews of the opera in favor of the news that last night a tornado had aimed at, then veered away from, Ohio-ville.

Today, as Dennis Morgan sings "Shure, a little bit of Heaven—" for Warner's screen-biog of Chauncey Olcott, titled under that all-time clincher, "My Wild Irish Rose," he remembers and laughs back at those early Chautauqua days. On Sundays, Margaret Otterson still accompanies him—now at his favorite Hollywood church.

But his wife, Lillian Morgan, says she has never heard him sing "Faust." He hasn't forgotten his song of terror—the night the tent pole held out—and so did he.

MERRY CHRISTMAS!

Photoplay Fashions

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Fashion Service Manager

Jack Force Jr.
Fashion Art Director

Ben Studios
Photographers

Biddy Banton
West Coast Associate

John Engstead
West Coast Photographer

Martha O'Driscoll

She was born in Tulsa, Oklahoma, on March 4th, 1922. But she's a colleen from 'way back—being a direct descendant of the first Lords of Baltimore in Ireland. She has golden hair, hazel eyes, is 5' 4½" tall and weighs 118 pounds. You'll see her next in the United Artists release, "Carnegie Hall."

Scoop of the season! This dream of a Hollander "Moutria" Marque fur coat which looks like a million but costs less than $200.00. Sizes 36-44. At Russeks, New York, N. Y., Kaufmann's, Pittsburgh, Pa., and Filene's, Boston, Mass. Gold mesh helmet by Madcaps. Gold belt by Criterion.

Currier & Ives Prints—Courtesy of Old Print Exchange

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Make a date with February Photoplay where you'll find the winners of Photoplay's Gold Medal Awards

Martha O'Driscoll

For Your Home

Martha O'Driscoll casts her vote for vegetables . . . even spinach . . . in the raw, for pastels and bright colors, Kelly green especially, and for tennis and cribbage. (Cribbage she learned to play during the war. A General taught her as the two of them were on their way up front in a jeep.)

Be lovely in this Junior robe by Raymodes Juniors in "San-Chu" crepe by Duplex. White bands outline the flattering collar and tight cuffs. In navy, red or aqua. Sizes 9-15. About $22.95 at Gimbels, Pittsburgh, Pa.; Hutzler Bros., Baltimore, Md.

Be toasty warm . . . and exciting, too . . . in this slim-wrapped boucle robe with embroidered trim on the loose pocket. Designed by Diana Dean. In high shades, pastels and white. Sizes 12-20. About $20.00 at Goldblatt Bros., Chicago, Ill.; Joseph Magnin, San Francisco, Calif.

For the store in your vicinity write the manufacturer listed on page 89

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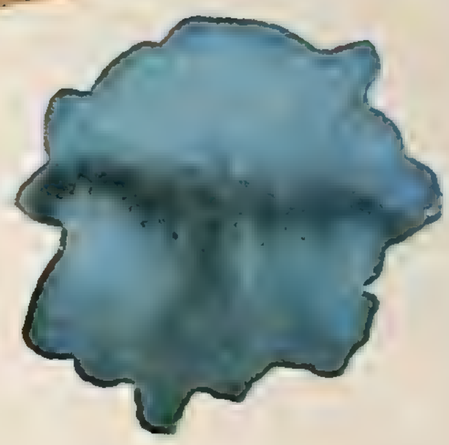

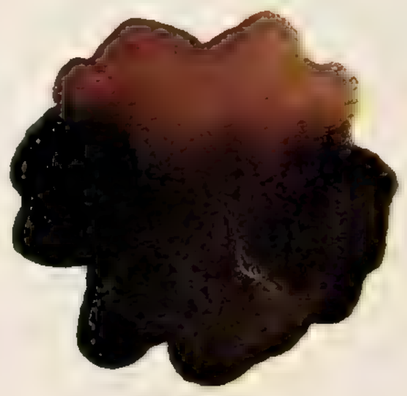

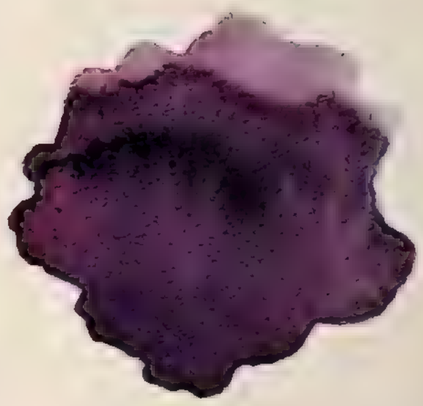

You'll cut a pretty figure in this flattering wool and plaid skating ensemble by Korday. Jacket $14.95. Skirt $7.95. Hood $3.95. Also in red wool. Sizes 12-18. At Bloomingdale's, New York, N. Y., Charles A. Stevens, Chicago, Ill.

For the store in your vicinity write the manufacturer listed on page 89.

boldly

Add a dash of spice and brilliance to your wardrobe with this neat waist-whittling 100% wool vest and skirt. By Sporteens. In a variety of bright colors. Sizes 12-18. Each $7.95. At Strawbridge & Clothier, Philadelphia, Pa., and Macy's, New York, N. Y.

Catherine McLeod, graduated from the Romona Convent in California, saw Tallulah Bankhead in a stage play—and decided she too would be an actress. Catherine, who starred first in Republic's Technicolor production, "I've Always Loved You," will be seen next in "Gallant Man" with Don Ameche

Side View

of the Fashion Sitting with CATHERINE McLEOD

By Rena Firth

The first thing that impresses you about Catherine McLeod is her eyes. When she walked into Ben's studio for Photoplay's fashion sitting she was like all the pretty girls of America—yet different. The difference lay in her extraordinary hazel eyes, shadowed by naturally heavy, lovely eyebrows, with a slight uptilt to her eyelids that suggests the fabled ladies of the Nile.

Catherine is the Cinderella girl of movies. Competing with a dozen "name" actresses she, an unknown, won the coveted role of *Myra* in "I've Always Loved You." And in it she proved to the hilt that she is a new and exciting personality.

There was opportunity to analyze that personality as she posed in the sport clothes shown on previous pages. Catherine, although no more than casually interested in clothes just now, has a theory you can look like a queen in anything *if you'll wear it like a queen.* For instance, recently she wore an inexpensive little evening jacket to a big party. When a gentleman of discernment complimented her on how well she looked, she frankly announced it had cost under $10. Whereupon the gentleman of discernment looked at once mildly incredulous and very admiring.

When Catherine arrived at the Ben Studios for the fashion sitting she wore a simple black dress with a white top and a short black jacket. No hat. Her hair, thick and brown, was combed high at the sides and worn in a full high bang in front. Her slim figure needed no girdle and as a model, she was a natural. Her sense of humor was adequate to the strain of posing—a healthy "Yipes" punctuating the completion of her first pose.

In California, Catherine, who is 22, weighs 116 pounds and is 5′ 5½″ tall, lives with a married sister in Alhambra. She's a great reader—reads *all* the good magazines every week and really keeps up to date on current events. She's an excellent pianist and a good swimmer. And she has an interesting set of rules for girls ambitious for a movie career:

1. Have some money in the bank—about $1,000.
2. Get a good agent. Catherine looked hers up in Dun and Bradstreet's.
3. Go into summer stock or little theater for experience.
4. Don't go to the studios. Let them come to you.
5. Once you sign, do as they tell you.
6. Don't try to copy anyone else. If there should be a choice between you and an established actress, she would win, of course. So be yourself.

Catherine knows these rules work. She used them.

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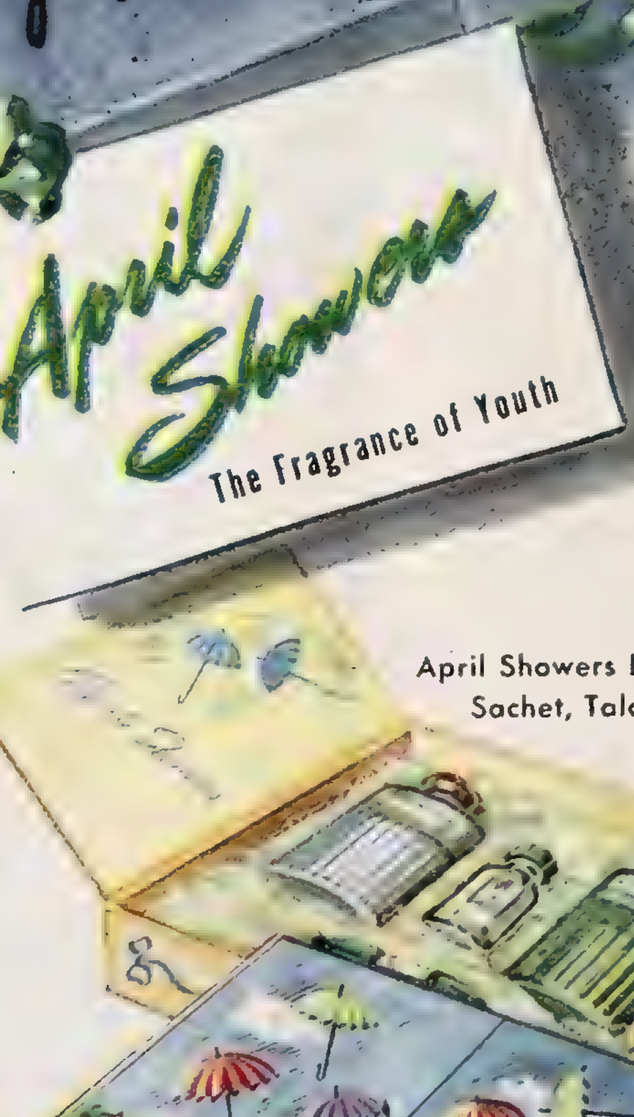

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April Showers Dusting Powder
and Eau de Cologne, $2.25.

All prices plus tax

Cinemodes

By Photoplay's Fashion Scout

Emerald green was the color of a tweed suit, frizzily wooly, that Lauren Bacall wore at a luncheon last week. Its hip-length coat featured huge turn-back cuffs and a big double-notched collar. Although Lauren seldom wears hats, she wore a cone-shaped one this day—of a deeper green velour—that hugged her head and dipped forward. An enormous brown alligator shoulder bag, brown alligator pumps, brown gloves and hunks of gold jewelry completed her ensemble.

Ida Lupino has a new dress that is tops for casual wear. It is greige (beige and gray) wool jersey with a matching jersey hood. It buttons down the front to below the hips with small, flat discs of brown leather. The hood, when not worn over the head, forms a cowl down the back. Elbow sleeves hug the arms and the fitted bodice contrasts with the full skirt that gathers in the front to conceal two enormous slit pockets. Ida wore brown leather accessories and gold jewelry.

The hat of the month was worn by Rita Hayworth at Mocambo one night—the night of her last date with Tony Martin before she reconciled with Orson Welles, to be exact. Her hair was swept up sleekly to offset her hat—very high and narrow, almost cornucopia shaped, sprouting a mass of shiny, wispy, black feathers. With this hat which Jean Louis, the famous fashion designer, brought from Paris, Rita wore a black crepe cocktail dress with a double edging of black net softening the neckline cut low in front. Her sleeves were very short and her black suede gloves were very long. She never looked more sophisticated.

Tiers are the latest rage in Hollywood, because when you wear them you look taller and slimmer. Dotty Lamour has a tiered silk dress of deep purple. Three tiers form the skirt—the top one, starting at the normal waistline, is not as deep at the two below it. The top of the dress is softly draped and has long sleeves. Dotty's hat is a soft pink felt with a scooped medium-sized brim filled with ostrich feathers of the same purple as the dress. A black suede bag and gloves and a black Persian lamb coat slung over her shoulders complete her effectiveness.

"Vintage" shades are new—and Barbara Stanwyck knows it. At La Rue she wore a grape-leaf suit of wool that looked almost like silk and was just as supple. It had a typical "battle-jacket" top which does wonderful things for the hips. The skirt was pencil slim—just a couple of slit pockets on either side. Barbara's turban was made of the same fabric as her suit.

Peggy Ann Garner, who gets around to after-theater suppers now, has a navy blue heavy satin two-piece dress—almost a suit. The dress is simple, high necked, with a little round collar and cuffs of pink embroidered crepe. The skirt features a little bustle in the back. There's also a box-like hip-length coat of the same navy satin. No trimming—just two big patch pockets. With this ensemble Peggy wore a tiny pale pink felt cloche and pink gloves.

Lovely Ann Todd, the British star who just arrived to star in "The Paradine Case" for David Selznick, went to her first Hollywood luncheon in a stunning semi-dressy suit of bright royal blue wool. The jacket was fitted short in front and curving at a point just below the hip-line in back. The buttons of the jacket, which came high to the collarless neck, were self-covered. The skirt was plain except for a soft bow of the wool on one hip. Gloves of a deeper blue suede were long enough to rumple over the sleeves of her jacket almost to the elbow. Her large envelope bag was of the same deeper blue suede and her shoes were dark blue leather. A huge diamond clip adorned her jacket's neckline.

The gorgeous gowns that Adrian made for Irene Hervey when she did "State of the Union" are still a topic of discussion. One of them is a breathless evening gown of frosty white marganza, embroidered all over with silk scroll-like designs. The gown has tiny cap sleeves and a high back. The neckline is down to THERE in front, forming a deep V. A tremendously full overskirt of marganza billows over a taffeta underslip upon which are sewn tiny varicolored bows. These peep through the sheer overskirt, causing a very swishy and feminine effect.

Alexis Smith at the Cabana Club wore a gown of white and gold brocade. It was off the shoulder but not low enough to take it out of the "dinner dress" category. The bodice was moulded to her slim figure, and then, at just about the hipline, came a burst of fullness which extended to the floor. With this gown Alexis wore a gold choker, sparkling with a jeweled flower, a gold bracelet, gold earrings and an enormous bulky gold ring. Gold slippers and a bag and a mink stole were the finishing touches.

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If the preceding pages do not list stores in your vicinity where Photoplay Fashions are sold, write to the manufacturers listed below:

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105 Madison Avenue
New York, N. Y.

Green and plaid outfit
Korday
991 Sixth Avenue
New York, N. Y.

Red vest and skirt
Sporteens, Inc.
1359 Broadway
New York, N. Y.

Beauty Spots

Thoughtfully lovely: Martha O'Driscoll, of "Carnegie Hall"

•

By Mary Jane Fulton

Gets "Popular" Vote

MARTHA O'DRISCOLL won the title of "Miss Carnegie Hall" via popular vote of cameramen and others working with her on the picture of this name, because she's an exceptionally friendly, considerate gal, whose prettiness is as genuine as her sweetness . . . She has a starring role in this production, but doesn't put on airs. On the contrary, Martha watched the time so she would be back working in an hour, and not keep everyone waiting. Thanks to good service at the famous Russian Tea Room on West 57th Street, she was.

Pampers Her Skin

You would expect an O'DRISCOLL to have dark hair and blue eyes. But this Irish beauty has blonde hair and green eyes! . . . Martha had on heavy stage make-up, but says when through the day's work she wastes no time in removing it, first with a liquifying or all-purpose cleansing cream, which she whisks off with tissues, then a good scrubbing with a complexion brush and lots of warm soapsuds. After dashing cold, cold water over her face, she pats it dry with a clean towel and applies an astringent because her skin is inclined to be oily . . . No matter how late she goes to bed, she never fails to remove street make-up in the same thorough way. When traveling she carries little cleansing pads in her purse for a quick clean-up . . . Once a week she gives herself a facial with a mealy cleanser that softens as it cleans . . . Like other lovely stars, she believes in not letting make-up appear obvious.

Tip for Pretty-Nail Tips

She's proud of her unusually pretty hands and gives credit for their loveliness to the use of "tons" of hand lotion or cream. She also uses cuticle oil or cream to keep the cuticle and the skin around her nails soft and smooth . . . Martha generally likes wearing natural color nail polish on her long nails, but tips them with white polish. When wearing colored nail polish, or one of the sparkling new opalescent ones for evening, she applies white polish to the tips, too . . . Her pretty paws are busy knitting a man's sweater, but she wouldn't say for whom!

Two Sons Has Gregory

(*Continued from page* 51) to the hospital," he says. "I took the wheel, calm and collected, which comes from being an old hand at that sort of thing. Of course nobody had told me about the detour we were going to run into. I'm glad that didn't happen to me the first time, I would have fainted. This time I only turned green and started to pray—"

There have been various helps suggested for the husbands who wear out carpets in waiting rooms. "I suggest bigger and better ashtrays, untearable collars and indestructible shaves—" says Greg, now an authority. "The first time, I had the place all to myself. This time, I walked in and there were about eight other fellows—a collection of sad sacks, believe me. Collars askew, whiskers on their chins, knee-deep in old cigarette butts—some of them had been there all night. I couldn't help feel superior when, after just one long hour, the nurse called out my name and said, 'It's a boy!' Darned if I didn't feel those other fellows had something to learn about efficiency!"

THE news that they were about to add on a Peck came as a surprise to both parents from the lips of a radio columnist. "The Gregory Pecks," he itemed, "will soon welcome a second offspring."

"My mouth really fell open," Greta said afterward, "because actually, I wasn't sure myself. All—absolutely all—I'd done about it was to call a doctor and make an appointment for a consultation. Greg looked amused for a minute, then quizzical, then *he* jumped. 'True?' he asked. 'I—I guess so,' I stammered. 'Gee, *thanks!*' he said, taking my hand and being the first to congratulate me!"

After which, feeling the columnist to be a fairly reliable fellow, her husband immediately got busy cancelling an impending vacation trip: "His first vacation in three years—I really felt pretty mean about making him miss it—" said his wife at the time. "We'd planned to go to a quiet little desert resort we both love and do a lot of riding and swimming. Instead, Greg spent his vacation building a guest-apartment over the garage we'd previously talked about. He was very cheerful about it, whistling and splattering plaster and paint all over himself all day long."

The interim, running its usual course of nine months, gave the incipient daddy plenty of time to prepare himself. There was "Duel in the Sun" to finish for Selznick, and "The Macomber Affair" to be made for Ben Bogeaus Productions. Both films had a lot of location shooting, but within airplane distance of Hollywood. Weekends he kept busy winging his way home from New Mexico and other points—weekdays he developed a habit of looking his fellow-filmers straight in the eye and saying, "I'm not going to be as scared as I was the first time I saw Jonathan—this time I'll know they're *supposed* to be purple!"

The new attitude paid off in a really tangible way. After Jonathan, it was a couple of weeks before he could be said to have properly recovered his strength. After Stephen, he waited only four days to move in a large camera, complete with lights and other equipment for photographing the baby and Greta.

"It hadn't been done at the hospital before," says Greta. "I don't know how he talked them into it. We had to sign a release, in case anything went wrong, and he had to photograph the baby through the glass window. While he was at it, he took a picture for another father. It turned out fine and the man was so happy he sent our baby a beautiful silver cup."

Being the wife of a screen hero has its advantages in hospitals as in other places: "I tried to think it was because I was such a pleasant patient that the nurses liked to do things for me. But I couldn't help noticing that the extra attention always began just a few minutes before visiting hour."

All in all, young Stephen Joseph Peck can easily be said to be one of the most astute newcomers to the movie coast. He couldn't have made a smarter choice of parents—a dad who's walking proof that movie stars *are* human, a mother who's cute and gay enough to be hung on a Christmas tree. Nor could he have picked a happier, more normal home for little boys to be raised in. The Pecks green-set canyon cottage is lovely, but not lavish.

The nursery is set right at the front of the house. It is possible that Stephen was greeted by brother Jonathan, who spends a good part of his time laughing and chattering out the front window. Jonathan is two years old, with dancing dark eyes and very pink cheeks. He wears, by heroic effort on the part of his nurse, a spanking-white playsuit and a sparkling scrubbed look. A major portion of his chatter is directed at another front-porch greeter, Perry, the police dog. Perry is the color and size of a slightly scaled down polar bear, and since he recently became a father himself, as gentle with kids as a kitten. An easily-proved comparison, because also a member of the Peck menage is a kitten, also pure white except for a hind leg which is bright blue.

"She jumped up on the desk and spilled a bottle of ink," explains Greg. "Seems like we never have sense enough to acquire stainless animals."

"We haven't any special theories on child-raising," says Greta. "Once in a while we read something that sounds good—or listen with an open mind to some friend's new method." The last time this occurred, the friend's method consisted of allowing his child to do anything it wanted to. The new theory was too effective—the Pecks were forced to abandon it when, in one short evening, Jonathan developed into a full-fledged house-wrecker.

GRETA, from a large family of brothers and sisters, wants to give her youngsters the same happy kind of Christmases she herself enjoyed. "More than anything I remember that Christmas Eve was the one night in the year when we were allowed to stay up until midnight. It always seems such a shame to send kids off to bed with all that excitement in the air. I let Jonathan stay up late for his very first Christmas—I didn't think he was too young to start enjoying it."

He wasn't. When midnight came, however, Papa and Mama Peck, also Grandma and Grandpa Peck, were all asleep in their chairs. As nurse trundled them off to bed, Jonathan was still happily banging you-know-what out of his new toys.

The young man's welcome to brother Stephen was as enthusiastic as might be expected of him. On the baby's first day home, when the nurse left them alone a few minutes, Greta gave a peek into the nursery and then a scream, for there was Stephen buried under a cribful of toys. "Fire-engines, blocks, iron piggy banks, everything—Jonathan had simply thrown them in on him. Stephen was lying without a sound. We thought he'd been knocked dead. Somehow the boys seemed to understand each other, however. Seems Stephen knew that was just his brother's way of saying 'Hello!' "

The biggest "kick" the Pecks have realized as parents occurred on the occasion

when Jonathan first said "No!" "It surprised us so," says Greta. "Actually he's a very tractable child. We told him to put something down and expected he'd do it. Instead, he looked at us calmly and said 'No!'" Outside of the fact that "No" is a word rarely attributed to born-Hollywoodians, his Dad thought it had other indications. "It proves the kid has character—even if we can't encourage him in it."

Otherwise, Greg is not a prejudiced father. Just recently, says his wife, he sat staring at Jonathan with a puzzled look. Suddenly, "I wonder if he really *is* a good-looking kid," he burst out, "or is it just our own idea? Come to think of it, I can't recall anyone looking at him and saying, 'There's a handsome child!'"

Both Jonathan and Stephen give unmistakable evidence of growing into reasonable facsimiles of Greg, which gives him a new worry; "Gee, I hate to think of their going through the same gangly, skinny stage I did—makes it awkward when you're on the beach and all the gals keep chasing the big-chested guys."

During this last season's summer-stock session at Cape Cod, Peck haunted the antique shops and came home with two crates full of unusual old-time toys. Two boxes, because after he had bought a pile for Jonathan, he remembered the impending enlargement of their nursery roster. Currently the boys have duplicate bank accounts and, as nearly as possible, they'll get duplicate raising.

Someday, after he's entirely recovered from having child No. 2 and after Greta has "had herself a slight vacation," they may again make plans for a little daughter. When they can think up another feminine name to go with Peck, that is.

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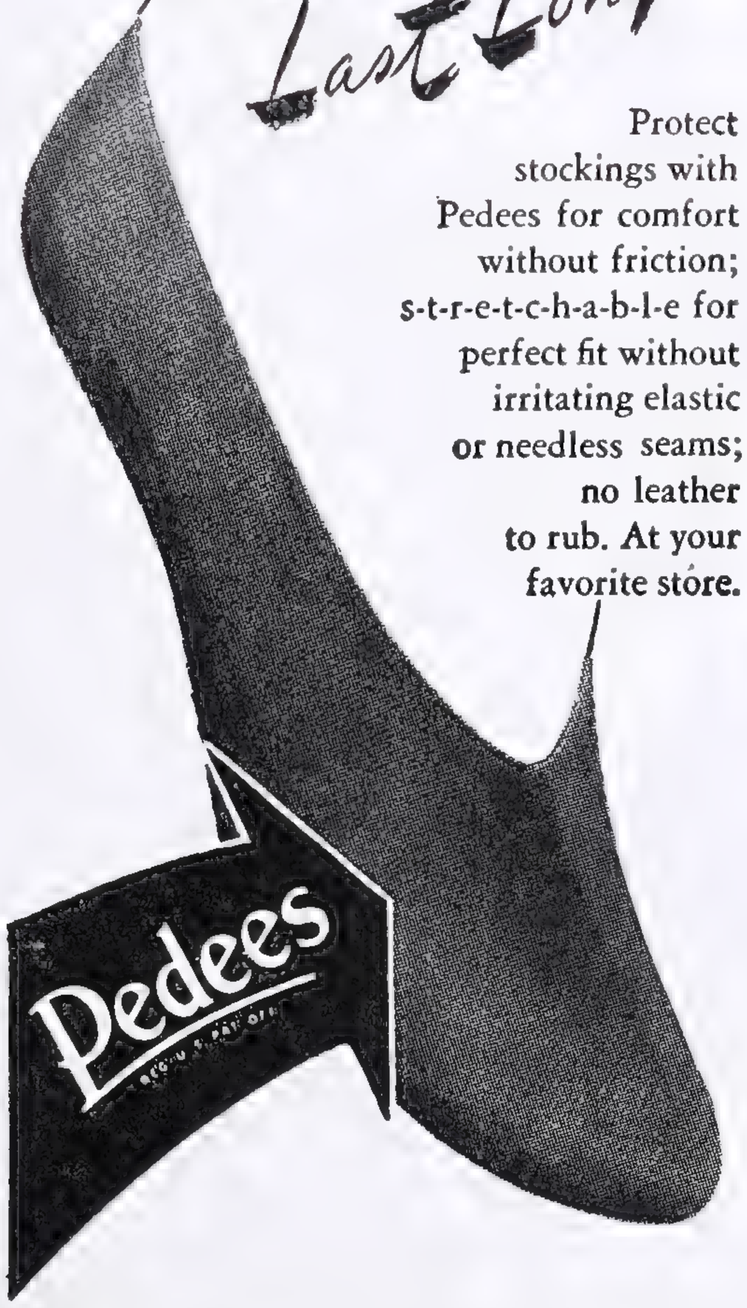

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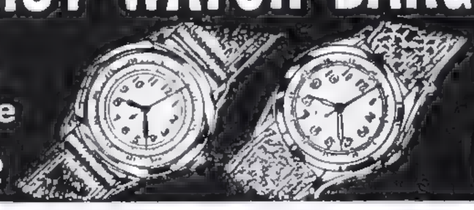

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What The Hollywood Strikes Mean

(*Continued from page* 28) Allyson, Jane Wyman, Alexis Smith and Walter Pidgeon stepped aboard planes winging to the midwest; when Edward Arnold addressed that vast and powerful labor convention at its own request; when Jane Wyman and June Allyson and Alexis Smith met with union committees of the conflicting IATSE and CSU in smoke-filled rooms at the Morrison Hotel; when the star committee came back to Hollywood and called a meeting at which representatives of forty-seven unions met in the council room of the Screen Actors Guild and listened to a telephone hook-up to eastern labor leaders to pave the way for the settlement of the strike itself; when that happened, Hollywood actors took a leading place in the labor-management picture which has become the major issue in the lives of Americans, in the lives of people everywhere.

To understand a little of what these men and women, backed by their Guild membership of 8500, have done you have to know a little about the strikes which have filled front pages for almost two years, and the general labor disputes in the motion-picture industry.

"What's it all about?" is the question most frequently asked. "I can't make head or tail to it myself," is said even by people right in Hollywood, who are directly affected by it all.

IT would take a book, it would take weeks, to go into the incredibly complicated and technical details, to even outline the thirty-year-old history of these inter-union labor disputes, in which at one time or another everybody has been wrong and everybody has been right.

As briefly as possible, I'll try to sum it up for you as the actors saw it and why they saw it that way after careful study and first-hand investigation.

They came to one over-all, vital conclusion; the Hollywood strikes have been and *are* jurisdictional. That conclusion has motivated all their moves.

As Bob Taylor put it, when I asked him just how he felt about it all, "It is, basically, because there is too much overlapping of jobs in the picture business, more than in any other industry. The industry grew so fast and no decisions were made along the way, so that as new jobs and more technical work came with the expansion of picture making, the overlapping got worse and worse.

"On the plane going to Chicago, Gene Kelly and Alexis Smith and Eddie Arnold and I talked a lot about this. We had a lot of time to talk because we were supposed to make only one stop, to refuel in Tulsa, Oklahoma, but we were down with engine trouble, flying around with flaps that wouldn't work, waiting in airports for them to fix up new ships. We talked about how painters, set designers, set decorators, set dressers and even probably plumbers and electricians all work on the same little job. Prop men make props but can't put 'em on the sets. All kinds of unions—over fifty of them actually—find themselves doing work which crosses back and forth often over a line so fine nobody can figure it out. But somebody has got to—and the only somebody who can is the American Federation of Labor, to which *all* of these unions belong. That's why I went to Chicago when I would much rather have stayed home with Barbara. It has to be wrong, any way you look at it and on any number of grounds, to throw large numbers of people out of work because of inter-union controversies."

The strikes of 1945 and 1946 are only the latest battles in a struggle that has been going on in Hollywood for thirty years. Today, in the picture industry, there are two labor organizations, both within the AF of L but bitterly opposed to each other. These are the International Alliance of Theatrical Stage Employees and the Conference of Studio Unions.

George Murphy, long president of the SAG, put it pretty clearly for me. "The fundamental difference between the opposing groups is that while the AF of L originally and primarily was a federation of craft unions, IATSE is a semi-industrial union of theater and studio employees, which cuts across a number of crafts, most powerful of which are the carpenters, painters and electricians. It is the position of the IATSE that craftsmen, such as carpenters, painters and electricians, working in picture studios, are in basic fact stagehands, who therefore should come within IATSE jurisdiction rather than that of the building trade internationals. The Conference of Studio Unions, therefore, is actually a local federation taking in all local unions which belong to the big building trade internationals and not to IATSE. This makes two powerful groups at each other's throats—and something has to be done about it. The talent guilds—actors, writers, directors, do not belong to either of these groups. That was one reason we, supported by both the Screen Writers Guild and the Screen Directors Guild, could hope to act as neutral mediators against all such jurisdictional disputes."

THE Conference of Studio Unions came into existence about four years ago, under the leadership of Herbert Sorrell. Up to that time, certain powerful local unions, who as members of the big internationals did not and never had belonged to the long established International Alliance of Theatrical Stage Employees, had operated as separate units under the American Federation of Labor and the Central Labor Council at Los Angeles. From 1942 onward, Sorrell's own painters, carpenters, electricians, machinists and others outside the IATSE, were bound together in the local association known in Hollywood as the CSU and functioned as a united body. Before the strike this fall this group attracted the attention of many of Hollywood's liberals by its militant, often belligerent, attitude as it fought for what it claimed was the best interests of the workers themselves.

Johnny Garfield, regarded in Hollywood as pretty much what is called Left Wing, as a leader of the very liberal group, put it this way to me, "The human element is tough. It's got to be tough. There are guys on that picket line I've worked with, all kinds of people are mixed up in this, the kind of people I love. There's tragedy right in front of you all the time, they've got wives and kids. But that's why in the end I had to support my Guild, because it's taken the most concrete and constructive action of anybody trying to figure out ways that these things can't happen in America. It's like our President, Bob Montgomery, said, 'The strikers and non-strikers are *not* fighting over a question of wages or hours. They are fighting because two international presidents of AF of L unions cannot agree on which union should have jurisdiction over about 350 jobs.' Bob said, 'Because of an argument over those 350 jobs the livelihood of 30,000 American workers, all members of the AF of L, is endangered and an entire industry thrown into chaos and confusion. The present Hollywood strike is symptomatic of a condition within the American Federation of Labor which has existed for forty years

and which more than any other one factor has hurt and does hurt the cause of organized labor—the jurisdictional strike, a strike called by one union as a power play in a dispute over which union shall have as members the men doing certain work. What is the matter with the American Federation of Labor that it permits quarrels between its member unions to culminate in strikes which actually reduce the yearly take-home pay of tens of thousands of its workers in other AF of L unions, all over the nation, not even concerned in the disputes?'"

Thus movie stars have moved into the national labor picture and in a short time accomplished more than all the statesmen, politicians and labor and industrial leaders have done in years. They succeeded in getting Richard Walsh, President of IATSE, and William L. Hutcheson, President of the International Union of Carpenters—who are actually the leaders of the two rival factions—into the same room and that, as Eddie Arnold put it, is *something*. And something no one else had been able to do. They presented and got passed a resolution on setting up arbitration machinery within the American Federation of Labor for the *first* time in over forty years.

AND by the end of that week in Chicago, Hutcheson, all-powerful and much-feared seventy-seven-year-old head of 800,000 carpenters, and Arnold, a movie star, were calling each other "Bill" and "Ed."

"The first time he called me 'Ed' on the telephone," Eddie Arnold told me the other day, "I froze up. I couldn't think of a line of dialogue to say back. I put my hand over the transmitter and said to George Murphy and Ronnie Reagan and Gene Kelly and everybody, who was standing around listening, 'He called me Ed. What'll I say?' Ronnie said, 'If he called you Ed, that's *good*. Tell him we'll be right up.'"

"It seemed to us," Ronnie Reagan told me as we sat at lunch the other day, discussing those meetings in Chicago and the whole dramatic history of the strike, "that a vital principle, morally essential to us all was involved. The principle of arbitration itself. Arbitration by agreement, arbitration with all members of a dispute present and consenting and binding themselves to abide by such arbitration between free Americans desiring to settle their differences in the democratic way without injury. Arbitration to end—and to prevent—war, whether between nations or between labor and industry under the American system of private enterprise."

He stopped and looked at me for a moment, his eyes twinkling. In Hollywood today, Ronnie Reagan is regarded as an able young leader. From here on in, I think you will hear of Reagan in the national scene and of his wife, Jane Wyman, for everyone tells me they work as a team. Active member of the AVC, which is the most liberal of the veterans' organizations, Reagan is himself a liberal, and therefore, he says, not in spite of, he has stood solidly in this fight for one thing—arbitration of jurisdictional disputes.

"Do you know," he said, still grinning, "Jane says I make speeches now in my sleep—and probably the best ones, at that. We've spent so much time on this, we were so anxious to get out the whole Guild vote when the strike issue came, that one night we kept calling and calling until finally Jane hung up the receiver, looking very sheepish, and said, 'Oh dear—that was Claudette Colbert and she'd been asleep for hours. Maybe we better quit!' But everybody had to be there when we took our stand—and they were, too."

They tell me that the SAG meeting, at which it was voted to cross picket lines because the strike was jurisdictional and to send a committee to Chicago, was one of the most exciting ever held and that Reagan's speech was a triumph—whether he rehearsed it in his sleep or not.

The opening day of the convention proved the power of the movie stars because, frankly, they stole the show. And that, as Walter Pidgeon expressed it, was not because the stars wanted publicity, but because they wanted to show the American Federation of Labor that they could then and always reach the public through the press and radio with the clear and simple truth, that as mediators they could always go to the whole country with honest and unbiased opinion. Walter, by the way, played in real life the part of an ambassador of good will with as much tact and charm as he gives to such a role on the screen.

BUT, frankly, it was Eddie Arnold who became the most successful of the group. Big, bluff, with a cigar in his mouth, with power and humor, the union leaders accepted him as one of themselves, such leaders as William Green, and George Meany, and Dave Dubinsky, and finally even Bill Hutcheson.

The first night an appointment was made to see Hutcheson, and the whole committee turned out. The girls wore their best dresses and their best new hats and shed some glamour on the scene—glamour which even a labor leader could hardly overlook.

"Mr. Hutcheson was so gentlemanly," Alexis Smith told me. "Once he said somebody was nuts—and then apologized, saying, 'If the ladies don't mind my using such a slang phrase.' It's a great thing to meet the men who are the powers in this labor movement. You look at Mr. Hutcheson and something tells you that he will

Yours for a Happy Holiday!

PHILIP MORRIS

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try to make it all come right."

From that first meeting, through long conferences, Eddie Arnold's speech, and the adoption of a resolution to attempt to set up jurisdictional arbitration, the SAG committee worked day and night for ten long days. And continued to work day and night up to the moment of the now-famous Thursday-night meeting in Hollywood, with all unions represented, when they gave their over-all report to Hollywood Labor and when Gene Kelly got up and went around the table and put his arm around Herb Sorrell, head of the CSU, and said, "Herb, this time you're wrong. The arbiters told us so in Chicago. This time we have to end this strike—and then we have to work toward some method of preventing them." And Sorrell said, "If those men will say that to me, I'll put my men back to work as soon as I can."

There followed the dramatic—a Hollywood touch—telephone hook-up in which two of the three-man commission stated that they meant and stood by their original decision—and from there on events moved swiftly. Within a week arbitration machinery was in the process of being set up to conclude this strike.

BUT that isn't what is important, really. Not this one strike. What is important is the idea so ably presented by Gene Kelly that there ought to be an arbitration head, a permanent arbitration committee set up here and in all other labor matters; the idea embodied in the resolution presented by the Screen Actors Guild and the speech Eddie Arnold made to the AF of L Convention.

The resolution read: "Resolved: That the American Federation of Labor through its Executive Council undertake to set up within the motion-picture, amusement and all other industries, and with the sanction and agreement of all unions working in these industries, ways and means for the purpose of examining, considering and, after deliberation, setting up machinery which will insure the peaceful settlement, without work stoppages, of all jurisdictional disputes within the structure of the motion-picture, amusement and all other industries."

This was referred to the Committee on Resolutions although a sort of general approval of it was passed, and the SAG proposes never to let it rest until the method has been worked out. Already a system of arbitration has been evolved and an arbitrator nominated.

Because of its significance at the Convention, I think we ought to hear—or read—Eddie Arnold's speech which was received with cheers and applause. It proves to me the thing the actors have stood for, do stand for, and have worked toward with courage and constant thought. The AF of L Convention will long remember it and we, as citizens and movie fans, ought to consider and remember it, too.

Eddie addressed it to "My Brothers of the American Federation of Labor," and said in part: "Some people are under the impression that motion-picture actors spend their time sitting around swimming pools, sipping champagne. To such people, it does not seem proper for actors to belong to an active, working branch of organized labor. But there is *no* doubt in the minds of 8500 actors as to where they belong, nor is there any doubt as to the great economic benefits and improvements in working conditions which actors have obtained through their affiliation with the AF of L. The Screen Actors Guild feels that it is part and parcel of the Federation and when we have a problem to be solved which requires national action by the AF of L it is not only right but our duty to bring this problem to this convention. The problem I refer to is that created by quarrels between AF of L unions over which union should have as members men doing certain work—in other words, the jurisdictional dispute. We know that many AF of L men from all parts of our great nation are concerned with this same problem. We must all work together to find an intelligent solution. All of us know that in every big family there will always be family quarrels, just as long as human nature exists and man is a free agent. I say, Thank God here in America we trade unionists can still be human beings, not slaves. Because of that very fact, we must protect our right to have our own family quarrels by keeping them within the Federation—settling them peacefully within the Federation. It is only by so doing that we can insure that our family quarrels will remain our own business. If AF of L family quarrels should continue to affect persons and interests outside the AF of L, there is not assurance that we can continue to settle our differences without outside interference. We do not want government referees or government regulations to settle our own family quarrels. The principle of impartial arbitration is an American principle—a good principle. It is a principle that has been used, and used successfully by some of the international organizations in the Federation, such as the Building Trades Council and the Metal Trades Council. It is time that *every* union in the Federation, international and local, give serious consideration to the use of the principle of impartial arbitration in settling jurisdictional disputes. The limelight upon the Screen Actors Guild enables it to say to the American Federation of Labor: We have the power to reach the public at all times. We are ready to use this power, in cooperation with you, to advance the cause of organized labor. May God guide the American Federation of Labor in the years ahead of us."

Do you know what the first thing was that Ed said to Bill (Arnold to Hutcheson)? He said, "Bill, what kind of a Republican are you anyhow? Here I ought to be out in California fighting to elect Republicans to Congress and you got me back here in this labor dispute."

Buck Harris, public relations counsel for the SAG and Jack Dales, its executive secretary, two very able gents, told me about that and they said Hutcheson broke into a big roar of laughter right away, and then his eyes twinkled and he said, "But maybe I'm keeping some Democrats from working to elect Democrats to Congress, so we break even."

He was right, too. Ronnie Reagan, his wife, Gene Kelly, and a number of others are Democrats, while George Murphy and Bob Montgomery are Republicans.

"But then," as Ronnie Reagan says, "we're all Americans first!"

Mademoiselle La Chandelier is what

Elsa Maxwell calls *Joan Crawford*

in her story next month—

because she lights up a room when she walks into it

Little Miss Portland

(*Continued from page* 37) doesn't know she is one now. A simple, wholesome American girl, whose parents managed an apartment house in Portland and now run a sandwich shop in Hollywood.

She could be any teen-ager who sits starry-eyed in a movie theater. She loves to go to movies, to swim, to ice skate, "and go dancing at the Cocoanut Grove. It's a nice family place. Lots of teen-agers go there."

Her favorite singers are Judy Garland, James Melton and Jack Smith. She buys the latest jive records, is eager on the *ebop, really o-rooney.* She prefers popular music and plays and sings it at home.

Most of her weight is in her voice. She's very small, measuring five feet and weighing ninety-five pounds. Though she has a deep healthy tan, she laments, "I'm light now. I was awfully black last summer. But I've faded a lot." She has brown curly hair with red glints in it, a sudden sunny smile, and very expressive blue eyes that laugh when she's happy and look like a soulful spaniel's when she's sad.

Jane Powell is just as you saw her on the screen in "Holiday in Mexico." Either super happy or super sad. She effervesces when she's happy, but a disappointment, any small hurt, gets her as "down" as uncapped soda pop. Abruptly the bubble's all gone. She knits or writes long letters to girl friends back in Portland and encloses autographs . . . Van Johnson's.

HER voice coach, Arthur "Rosy" Rosenstein, compares her lyric coloratura voice with its range up to e-flat with Geraldine Farrar's. "In all the years I've worked with good singers, I've only met two really great talents . . . Janie and Geraldine," he says enthusiastically. "The Janie Powells come one in a million."

Rosy, who usually refers to his famous pupil more simply as "Snooks," admits that she's crazy about boogie-woogie and would be singing it three-fourths of the time if she could get away with it. "She sings something very difficult like 'Depuis Le Jour,' sings it so beautifully you could cry, with everything inside her really living it. Then the minute it's finished, plops down to the piano and starts rumbling the bass notes around in boogie-woogie . . . and I don't exist," he laughs.

She's the pride of Portland, where they've named the park in which they give summer concerts "Jane Powell Center," put a tablet in a tree and always call special chapel sessions at school. The girl who sings at the most star-studded affairs in Hollywood has never been able to sing in chapel before old classmates without choking up.

For some reason, she's always in the best voice when she's singing for the opposite sex. They don't necessarily have to be Walter Pidgeons, but it helps. "He's always been my idol," she says dreamily. Though she'd been on the Metro lot two years, their first momentous meeting took place just before they started "Holiday in Mexico," when she went over to the photo still gallery to pose for some poster art with him. "I was so nervous I could hardly stand it," she says. "I was even afraid to talk to him. So I just said 'Hello.' When

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MILES NERVINE

I start making conversation, I always put my foot in it anyway. So I didn't," she says honestly.

The most refreshing thing about Janie is her passion for truth. She's very outspoken and usually about 100 per cent right whereof she speaks. Which doesn't always help. As one friend puts it mildly, "Her honesty is stronger at times than her diplomacy." It frequently gets her into warm water . . . and it takes the sunny smile and the blue eyes to pull her back out."

She looks fifteen, for which her studio, believing she can best serve today's youth by picturing its problems and hoping she can go on picturing them for quite some time, is duly grateful. But like any typical teen-ager who wants every solid month she has coming to her, Janie says seventeen, which is right, when anyone inquires her age, saying later, "Well, they asked me."

A reporter visiting her home the other day asked to see Jane's immense record collection, saying she'd read somewhere that it numbered around 5,000 recordings. "Oh . . . that's a lie!" said Janie horrified. She pointed to a small neat stack of records over in a corner by the record player. "There they all are."

SHE was born Suzanne Burce, the daughter of Paul and Eileen Burce. Her mother says Janie first started singing when she was two years old. "She sang 'Shanty in Old Shanty Town' all the way through. We never knew where she learned it. She could always carry a tune."

She made her first public appearance at the age of four in a big recital at the high-school auditorium, to which Jane, wearing a kitten costume, contributed a tap dance.

"The neighbors thought Janie could sing pretty well," her mother goes on modestly, "and they all wanted her to take lessons."

"In self defense," puts in the irrepressible Janie quickly. "The neighbors said to themselves . . . 'She *has* to improve. We can't stand it! Give her lessons. . . .'"

Jane started taking voice lessons from Mrs. Fred Olsen in Portland when she was eleven. When she was thirteen she had her own fifteen-minute show over radio station KOIN there. That summer the Burces decided to spend their vacation in Southern California. The manager of the radio station suggested that Jane try out for Janet Gaynor's "Hollywood Showcase" program. "If she makes it . . . it would help pay your expenses," he pointed out. He sent a recording of her singing "Il Bacie" on ahead of them, and gave them a letter of introduction.

There was no thought of a motion-picture career. But an agent there at the dress rehearsal of the show raised up out of his satirical slump when Janie began to sing. He called some executives and had them listen in that night. And by noon the next day every studio in town had called the Burces' modest hotel room.

A few days later Jane was singing "Il Bacie" for Louis B. Mayer, Producer Joseph Pasternak and eight other top M-G-M executives in Mayer's office. After a few bars, she forgot any of them was there. She was taken away by the song. Living it. The executives, in turn, were taken away by the little girl dressed in all white who was singing so much with her heart, not making any wild gestures or trying to impress them at all. A half hour later she'd signed a contract.

The Burces went back to Portland, sold the new home they'd just built, took a last lingering look at the lawn Jane's father had set out by hand, and moved to Hollywood. Metro loaned Janie to Producer Charles Rogers for a part in "Song of the Open Road" that was built into the lead. A guest appearance on the Edgar Bergen show resulted in a thirteen-weeks' contract as singing star. Finally, after two years of hard work came "Holiday in Mexico."

The big build-up, the rave reviews, her new contract with Columbia records, and all the other super stuff rolls right off Janie. If she realizes it at all—she doesn't seem impressed. The most startling change success has made in her evolves around the fact that she can't go to a movie with her hair rolled up in curlers any more. She always dreads having to put her hair up in pin curls when she gets in late and sleepy from a show. And she used to put it up before she went out, then wear a bandanna over it. "It looks kind of bad that way. Particularly when I do it in rags. They stick out here and there under the scarf," she says. Since her success she can't risk the white rag coiffure at the neighborhood movie. She accepts it philosophically. Such is the price of fame.

If you drop in on her at their present rented bungalow Janie meets you at the door enthusiastically, with Ozzie in her arms, and Cindy bringing up the rear.

The phone is constantly ringing. And Janie beats her own track record to it every time. "Excuse me," she says politely. "Maybe this is The One"—then all but trips over the rug rushing to answer it and find out. The One, of course, is the number one boy friend at that time, that week, that minute. As her mother points out, you can readily tell when it's The One. She adopts a very lady-like dignity, saying, "Oh . . . *hellooo.* How are *youuu?*" Then gradually closes the hall door.

Among the boys she dates now are Marshall Thompson, Johnny Sands, Hal Hackett and Roddy McDowall. She prefers dating boys in her own profession "because I think actors are the most interesting."

When it comes to boys . . . "I like politeness, but one who never falls all over himself being polite. Sincerity. Well sincere as far as you'll know anyway. I can't stand a braggart. Oh, well he can brag a little," she says as an honest afterthought. "And I like somebody who's a little brighter than I am, but who makes me think I'm brighter than he is . . . only I'm not. I don't mean Einstein and stuff. That's too confusing," she says.

She's very excited about the new home they've bought out in North Hollywood. "It's one of those rambling ones. It has a badminton court, a small swimming pool and a guest house with the front of it built like a ship. It's a real Hollywood house," she says.

The phone rings and she makes a wild dash for it. But the hall door stays open. It isn't The One. "He's such a boy!" she says reprovingly, as she comes back from talking with a swain just her age.

The phone rings. "Excuse me . . . this *must* be The One," she says, bouncing off happily. "Oh, Hello," you hear her say. "How are *you?*" The door slowly closes.

In Hollywood she builds her "own hamburgers" on the house at her dad's little shop called "Paul's," on Sunset Boulevard. He's constantly being asked why he runs a sandwich shop "when you have a famous daughter who's a movie star."

The "famous daughter" is just as constantly around eating up the profits, feeding nickels into the shiny red juke box, and sampling her dad's chili. "Pop makes the best there is," she says admiringly.

In her new picture, "The Birds and the Bees," Janie tries to run the life of her mother, Jeanette MacDonald, who realizes finally that she hasn't told Janie certain things about the birds and the bees. It occurs to you that it might be only fair to tell the birds and bees about Janie too. Sort of prepare them.

HAPPY NEW YEAR!

Katie and Johnnie Are Sweethearts

(*Continued from page* 63) the same town. So from now on if anyone wants to hire one of us, they have to hire both of us."

"You see," continues Katie, recollection in her eyes, "when people who love each other are apart, jealousy is so apt to set in." But since this chat, Katie and Johnnie have had to change their plans. He couldn't come to a satisfactory agreement with his former wife, which means the wedding is postponed until August 14. But they'll go on their singing tour together. After all, as Katie says, "I'd wait forever for Johnnie."

FORTUNATELY for Kathryn's and Johnnie's plan to "be together," their chief commercial asset—apart from good looks—is that they both have fine singing voices. "And every year," Johnnie says, "Katie and I will go together on a singing tour of the country. I'll play the theaters and Katie will sing in concert halls." Their current joint personal appearance tour takes them to theaters in Chicago, Boston, Philadelphia, Washington, New York and San Francisco, playing two weeks in each city. And it is a wonderful idea for Johnnie and Kathryn and the paying customers.

"And Joe Pasternak," says Kathryn, "has promised to star Johnnie with me in a musical at Metro." Johnnie completed his first starring film at Metro, "This Time for Keeps," with Esther Williams and Jimmy Durante in November. Both stars predict a big screen future for young Mr. Johnston, who was previously at Paramount where he played in "B" pictures and where he achieved some small fame for singing "Black Magic."

"How did you meet?" is the next question, of course. Johnnie is quick to answer, "We met in January, 1946, when we had to sing a duet in 'Till the Clouds Roll By.' But, Katie was still married and living then with Shelton and during her marriage, she never did go out with another man. But she separated from Shelton in March and after that I asked her to play golf. She said she would and I found out she has a wonderful swing and she's much stronger than she looks."

"Yes," interrupts Katie, "but Johnnie's the golfer in our family. He has a handicap of three, and don't ask what mine is because I haven't one!"

"Where are you planning to live?"

"Well, that's a problem," says Johnnie. "You see Kathryn's only just bought this house." Which is obvious since the big mansion is only half furnished. There are no rugs and no drapes or curtains.

"So it seems to me," continues Johnnie, "that instead of asking Katie to sell this house, it would make more sense if she added up how much it has cost her and I pay for half of it, and then we can both live here after we're married.

"When we're married," adds Johnnie, "I'm giving my own house to my mother."

After her divorce Kathryn lived alone (and didn't like it) except for a huge St. Bernard dog called Throckmorton, her housekeeper, cook, the housekeeper's little girl and occasional visits from Johnnie's daughter Julie.

"We want lots of children of our own," Kathryn says. "To be exact, we want four children, two handsome boys and two beautiful and intelligent girls.

"I see no reason why you can't have a career and raise a family," continues the singing actress. "Of course," she admits, "four children might slow me up a bit, but it can be done. Look at Jane Wyman. She has two children and a career. I simply love children and all my relatives have large families. And we're also looking forward to visits from Johnnie's two children." In addition to Julie Johnston there's a little boy Denny, a year old.

If there is one thing that Kathryn loves better than her Johnnie and her future children, it's food. "I never saw anyone eat the way she does," says the man who loves her. "I don't know how she keeps from weighing two hundred pounds. She only weighs a hundred and eighteen pounds but she eats more than I do!"

Johnnie is on the thin side, weighing in at one hundred and fifty-six pounds. "And Katie's a good cook," he adds. "She cooks for us both on the cook's night out on Thursdays, and whenever she has a dinner party at home, she rushes home from the studio to fix things up and put on the finishing touches."

If you look inside the local bowling alleys, you'll find them at least once a week making with the ninepins. And this is another game Johnnie's good at. He should be—for twenty-five years his mother, Leona Robinson, has been a champion bowler. Johnnie is setting her up in business with a bowling alley.

He's a good boy, this Johnnie Johnston. No wonder Kathryn is so crazy about him. In addition to helping his mother with the bowling club, he has also set up his stepfather in the boxmaking business.

"Johnnie's the sweetest man in the world," says his future bride. "You know," she confides, "before I started going with him seriously, I decided to meet his wife and find out about her attitude towards him because when there is a break in a marriage, I'm usually on the wife's side. Well, Dorothy and I are good friends now, better friends than she is with Johnnie, if you know what I mean, but after meeting her I realized that whatever caused their break would not happen with us."

Kathryn is honest enough to admit that she and Johnnie do have an occasional argument. "But it's only when we are tired at the end of a long day at the studio. It's never anything serious."

"We play a game of gin rummy every day," Johnnie adds, "to see who's the boss for the day." Listening to them, it's hard to say who is boss. They have a good give-and-take relationship. And they are vitally interested in each other's career.

"I respect Johnnie's opinion as a singer very much," says the star songstress. Very often in the sound recording stage at the studio you'll find them in a huddle over which parts of the recordings from Kathryn's latest movies are good and which are bad. They do the same for Johnnie's.

And Johnnie, who is rather on the gentle side, is very proud of Katie's Irish ability to fight for her rights. "I wish you could have seen her telling them why she didn't like a certain song. She's not afraid of anybody, even Louis B. Mayer!"

But Kathryn, for all her determination and fire, is a kind person, and it's cute to see how she goes out of her way to help little Jane Powell who is exactly the age Katie was when she first came to Metro. "The best test of all to find out about a person," says Johnnie, "comes from the people who work with her. The crew just loves Katie, and they know."

As for the honeymoon, Katie says, "We'll go to Tahoe for a week or so first."

"We really want to go to Niagara Falls," says Johnnie. "But we'll settle for seeing America first—on our concert tour—and after that we'll go to England and South America."

Good luck to you both on your singing-honeymoon, Katie and Johnnie!

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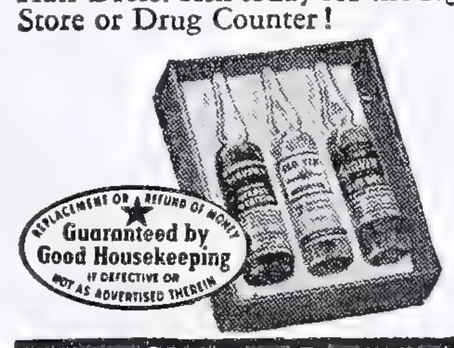

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My Romantic Mistakes

(*Continued from page* 55) She'd go over to Romanoff's and try to find out how my favorite dishes were prepared. If I were ill with a cold she'd drive over to my apartment with special home-cooked food. She listened earnestly while I talked of my work, offering intelligent suggestions. When I became friends with her two little sons, Kenneth who was four and Cort, just two, and found they liked me, too, there seemed to be no reason why we shouldn't be married as soon as our divorces were final. There wasn't one thing to mar our happiness and I'm sure no two people were happier or more contented than Cleatus and I the night we set off to Mike Romanoff's costume party over a year ago.

And then in one brief hour I threw it all over. It was that night I met Lana Turner.

I GUESS outside Hollywood it's difficult to realize the status that exists among players. The very definite line that stands between the bit player and the feature player, and the feature player and the star. To be a star, to attain that coveted goal that only a comparative few reach, is the ambition of every young player. And Lana was one of the favored few. She was not only a star—while I was a young actor struggling to establish myself—but one of the most glamorous women of Hollywood. In her snug-fitting black matador costume she looked extremely small as she joined a friend and me at the bar. She was friendly and gracious when we were introduced and seemed pleased when I asked her to dance. This was the first big star that had been kind or taken the trouble to treat me, a young nobody, as a friend. That Lana Turner could be interested in me as a person went right to my head. What followed was nobody's fault but my own. It was not Lana's and certainly not Cleatus's fault that I behaved badly. I confess I behaved in an unforgivable manner in devoting myself to Lana, forgetting Cleatus. I didn't blame her when she finally left the party alone. I had lost my head to such an extent I didn't feel chagrined that she'd gone.

Next morning I telephoned. She did not weep hysterically or hang up the phone as she should have. She didn't blame Lana either as most women would have done. And she didn't really blame me—at least she understood—but there was a note of finality in her voice when she said goodbye that told me more than words she would never trust her love with me again.

I couldn't have expected anything else. After all, she had just come through one disillusionment in her divorce from comedian Ken Murray, whom she had married when she was not quite eighteen.

I also was very young—just twenty-two—when I married Natalie Thompson. I had come out to Hollywood the second time—after the heartbreak of seeing my own parents part. The emotional blow seemed to serve as a turning point, for during the following season of summer stock I was tested by a Hollywood agent and Warners finally took me. I was lucky in my first picture, "Destination Tokyo," to have Cary Grant's help and encouragement. I'll never cease being grateful to him.

It was during this time that I met Natalie. Our courtship was brief. From the start we knew our marriage was a mistake. We were never deeply in love and we were too young to carry our marriage through. After a year and a half we gave it up.

All this I reviewed as I went on my way without Cleatus—bewildered, cut off from my existence, sore at myself.

I had no one to turn to, for naturally no one sympathized with me. Why should anyone? At that time Lana had no one in

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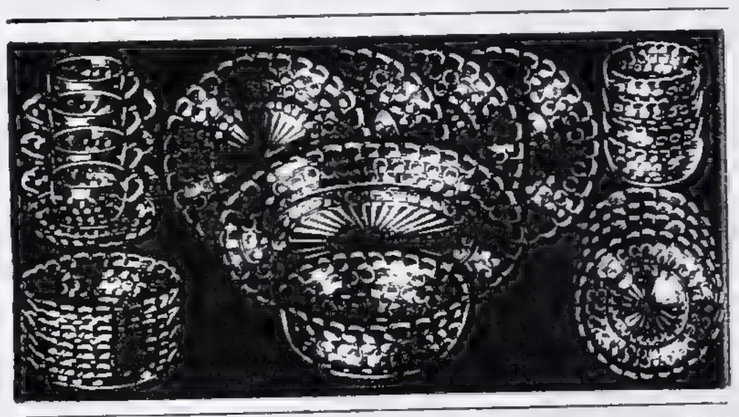

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her life, as her engagement to Turhan had been broken off. I became infatuated. And then Lana left for South America and I began to see things clearly. I came to know that in Lana I had a good friend and one I would always have. And that there could be nothing but friendship between us. I realized, too, my personal and professional life was at a standstill. I was restless, unhappy and a little afraid to face facts, I guess, for deep down there was a truth wanting to be recognized—that I had never loved anyone but Cleatus and I had lost her through my own blundering.

I guess it was just more running away when I asked a friend for June Haver's telephone number. June is fun and that's what we had together. We got in the news more than I liked, but then June is very popular and it was natural any date she had would be news. That's all there was to it—my heart still belonged to Cleatus.

One night I walked into Macombo and my heart leaped. Cleatus sat with friends near the dance floor. I summoned my courage and asked her to dance. She smiled sweetly and graciously but she declined. Again I didn't blame her. I knew it wasn't pride that caused her to refuse. She just didn't want to misplace her trust again.

The truth of it hit me like a blow as I went back to my table. It dawned on me, too, as I sat and watched her that Cleatus had grown more sure of herself, more beautiful, if possible. She had become one of the most popular girls in town. I heard from sources that seemed to like rubbing it in of her sincerity and kindness. In a town of sophisticates she neither smoked, drank nor used off-color language. I sat and looked at her, loving her as I never thought possible and that night I determined to win her back if possible.

I TELEPHONED for dates and got nowhere. My friends invited her to the same parties hoping I could somehow take her home. Finally she told me over the phone that several of her friends had said they'd never speak to her again if she went out with me. And then the very next night she agreed to attend a party with me.

Almost a year had passed since that fateful night and we were welcomed like long-lost friends. I had learned my lesson and I never felt so humble in my life.

The two boys and I became friends again. In fact it was little Kenneth one night at dinner who suggested before us that his mother marry Bob Hutton.

Cleatus learned to love me all over again and when the doubts and fears that I would ever flaunt her love again were allayed, we decided to be married at once. And somehow with our reunion everything that had seemed to hold me back gave way and my career zoomed. I was given the juvenile lead in "Love and Learn" at Warners and loaned to Universal for "Time out of Mind." With the two pictures overlapping we decided against waiting for free time for a honeymoon.

As though fate were with us, we found a house out in the Valley almost immediately with huge fireplaces, a cozy den, a large living room and rooms for the boys. Almost a year to the evening of the night we parted, we were married.

Don't expect a groom as happy as I to talk about his wedding. I can tell you this much—it was at Las Vegas and Cleatus was the most unbelievably beautiful bride! It still seems like a miracle.

Looking back, I'm truly grateful for all the romantic blunders I've made. They've caused a lot of pain to me and others but I feel that having committed them has made me more worthy to be a husband to the girl I love and a father to her children.

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Christmas Story

(*Continued from page* 29) my uncle's festive board and how we ate. The special treat was haggis, that honorable symbol of Scotland, along with thistles and bagpipes. I should know how it's made, considering the tons of it I have consumed, but I don't, beyond the fact that it's composed, some way, of meat and oatmeal. I've never heard of an American eating it—but it takes on glory in my memory because it was part and parcel of those holidays in the Highlands.

After the meal, though we were so stuffed we could hardly move, we children put on the play which I wrote each year to be performed for our elders. I always played the one really fat role. Nor was I so silly as to cast myself as any fairy princess. I played the dashing Prince Charming, except upon odious occasions when some boy cousin got dominant and insisted upon playing that.

No one was allowed to touch the presents until the play ended—which gave a kind of electric pace to its final scenes. I particularly liked the usable presents, pen sets, diaries, pen-knives, notebooks, paints.

MY London Christmases were equally wonderful, highlighted by a blazing Christmas pudding made by Auntie Alexina. One of the aunts was quite rich and so very generous that she took a whole row at the pantomime just for us children. The Christmas pantomimes are an institution we don't have in America but for an English child they are simply heaven. I suppose for a New York youngster the Radio City Music Hall holiday show must be just as enchanting.

The moment I knew I was to have a London Christmas I would start dreaming about the pantomime and I'd get so excited I would cease eating and sleeping almost entirely. When the great day finally arrived, and I was actually there in the theater, I would throw myself into the whole cast's emotions so completely that I'd be exhausted for weeks afterwards. When the pantomime was over, we had another thrill. We would go out into the delicate, long English twilight, and as it had usually snowed, we would go for a motor run, shaking sleigh bells at the passers-by and throwing snowballs.

I grew up, became an actress, in London and on tour. Suddenly it was December, 1937, and with my mother I arrived at the Beverly Hills Hotel.

Mother and I felt we had been dropped into a land of swimming pools, palms and sunshine. It was December fourth when we arrived here and by December twenty-fourth we had our first California house, a dear little one. We expected we would have a very quiet Christmas, for no one in England had our address, so we knew we wouldn't be receiving presents. How delightfully wrong we were. Over from the studio came a tree, all decorated. From our new acquaintances we received gifts, magnificently wrapped. Mr. Louis B. Mayer asked us to his house for dinner. Driving there, I felt I had never seen such a fairy tale place.

At any rate, that was a very happy Christmas and I have never forgotten the beauty of that day. I loved it so that I thought every one of my following days in Hollywood would be just as thrilling.

As you know, they were quite the opposite, which is how I happened to be back in London for Christmas, 1938. I had sat out eleven months and two weeks of my one-year contract with M-G-M and they had shipped me home for the role of the wife in "Goodbye, Mr. Chips."

My Scottish uncle's health was bad that year, so my aunt had gone on a Mediter-

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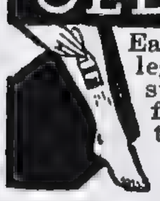

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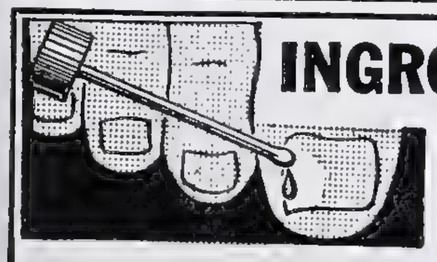

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ranean tour with him. I was alone in London. We were shooting on "Chips" all through the afternoon of the twenty-fourth and when we finally quit I felt more terribly lonely than I ever had in my life.

Victor Saville, who's now over here, too, bade me goodbye at the door of the studio. "I suppose you are off to some house-party in the country," he said.

"No, I'm not," I said.

"Oh, a dinner party in London?"

"No," I said.

"You're not going to be alone?" he asked.

"Yes," I said.

He insisted that I join him and his wife at their house. It was so jolly, a very big party, and after dinner we danced the Lambeth Walk till our legs gave way. I came back to Hollywood in March of 1939. Six months later, England was at war. Before so very long, so was America. There was nothing about my war Christmases that was very different from other homes that had a man in service. Suffice it to say I am grateful to heaven for having given us back our men and our civilian Christmases.

Every once in a while I hear someone argue that Christmas is only for children and that adults shouldn't bother with it. I don't believe one word of it. Christmas is a home day, and it must be divine to be in huge families then. I wish I could expect to have one, sometime, with my forty-seven grandchildren gathered round my knee. But as that looks a little doubtful, I do wish there were some way of reaching the people who are stranded on Christmas and have them all come in.

I hate the idea of anyone's having to dine alone in a public restaurant on a day like that and I think that anyone in that position should be quite shameless as I was in 1938 in London, and latch on to some one else's family. Furthermore I think all the Christmas traditions should be maintained, whether it's hanging up stockings or whatever. I love wrapping packages. And I love the radio at that time—the Christmas carols sung to us by perfect voices. We hear the bells and those great words, "Peace on Earth, Good Will Toward Men."

People do practice that—for one day a year—and even if it lasts only a day—and with many people it does last longer—it is good that we have it for that time at least. I wish there were some way that whole nations could share it, with hands across the sea, and smiles over boundary lines. Perhaps that will come about sometime. Then those immortal words will truly live.

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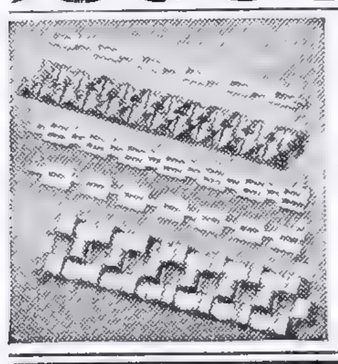

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Casts of Current Pictures

CHASE, THE—Nebenzel-UA: *Chuck,* Robert Cummings; *Lorna,* Michele Morgan; *Gino,* Peter Lorre; *Roman,* Steve Cochran; *Johnson,* Lloyd Corrigan; *Commander Davidson,* Jack Holt; *Fats,* Don Wilson; *Acosta,* Alexis Minotis; *Madame Chin,* Nina Koshetz; *Midnight,* Yolanda Lacca; *Job,* James Westerfield; *Manicurist,* Shirley O'Hara.

CHILDREN OF PARADISE—Tricolor-UA: *Baptiste Deburau,* Jean-Louis Barrault; *Frederick Lemaitre,* Pierre Brasseur; *Garance,* Arletty; *Lacenaire,* Marcel Herrand; *Jericho,* Pierre Renoire; *Avril,* Fabien Loris; *Anselme Deburau,* Etienne Decroux; *Nathalie,* Maria Casares; *Madame Hermine,* Jeanne Marken; *The Blind,* Gaston Modot; *Count de Montray,* Louis Salou; *Director of the Funambules,* Pierre Palau; *Second Director,* Marcel Peres; *Scarpia Barigni,* Albery Remy; *Cashier,* Guy Favieres; *Inspector of Police,* Paul Frankeur; *Porter of the Grand Theater,* Leon Larive; *Baptiste Jr.,* Jean-Pierre Delmon; *Gendarme,* Louis Florencie; *Iago,* Jean Lanier; *First Author,* Auguste Boverio; *Second Author,* Paul Demange; *Third Author,* Jean Diener.

DECEPTION—Warners: *Christine Radcliffe,* Bette Davis; *Karel Novak,* Paul Henreid; *Alexander Hollenius,* Claude Rains; *Bertram Gribble,* John Abbott; *The Manservant,* Benson Fong.

DRIFTIN' RIVER—PRC: *Eddie Dean,* Eddie Dean; *Soapy,* Roscoe Ates; *J. C. Morgan,* Shirley Patterson; *Tennessee,* Bill Fawcett; *Tucson,* Lee Bennett; *Marino,* Denny Moore; *Kensington,* Bob Callahan; *Senora,* Lottie Harrison; *Major Hammond,* Forrest Taylor; *Capt. Rogers,* Don Murphy; *Trigger,* Lee Roberts; *Sam,* Wiley Grant; *Mitzi,* Marion Carney; *Ranch Boys,* M. H. Richman, J. O. Smith, A. L. Smith, Edward F. Wallace.

GAS HOUSE KIDS—PRC: *Eddie O'Brien,* Robert Lowery; *Tony Albertini,* Billy Halop; *Colleen Flannagan,* Teala Loring; *Sammy Popopolous,* Carl Switzer; *Pat Flannagan,* David Reed; *Mickey Cohen,* Rex Downing; *Gus Schmidt,* Rocco Lanzo; *Mrs. O'Brien,* Hope Landin; *O'Hara,* Ralph Dunn; *Shadow Sarecky,* Paul Bryar; *Mrs. Albertini,* Nannette Vallon; *Shannon,* Charles Wilson.

HOME IN OKLAHOMA—Republic: *Roy Rogers,* himself; *Gabby Wittaker,* George "Gabby" Hayes; *Connie Edwards,* Dale Evans; *Jan Holloway,* Carol Hughes; *Steve McClory,* George Meeker; *Duke Lowery,* Lanny Rees; *Devoria Lassiter,* Ruby Dandridge; *Sheriff Barclay,* George Lloyd; *Judnick,* Arthur Space; *Lawyer Cragmyle,* Frank Reicher; *Editor Kennedy,* George Carleton and the Flying "L" Ranch Quartette and Bob Nolan and the Sons of the Pioneers.

HUMORESQUE—Warners: *Helen Wright,* Joan Crawford; *Paul Boray,* John Garfield; *Sid Jeffers,* Oscar Levant; *Rudy Boray,* J. Carrol Naish; *Gina,* Joan Chandler; *Esther Boray,* Ruth Nelson; *Phil Boray,* Tom D'Andrea; *Florence,* Peggy Knudsen; *Monte Loeffler,* Craig Stevens; *Victor Wright,* Paul Cavanaugh; *Bauer,* Richard Gaines; *Hagerstrom,* Fritz Leiber; *Paul Boray,* Bobby Blake; *Phil Boray,* Tommy Cook.

MARGIE—20th Century-Fox: *Margie,* Jeanne Crain; *Prof. Fontayne,* Glenn Langan; *Miss Palmer,* Lynn Bari; *Roy Hornsdale,* Alan Young; *Marybelle,* Barbara Lawrence; *Johnny,* Conrad Janis; *Grandma McSweeney,* Esther Dale; *Mr. McDuff,* Hobart Cavanaugh; *Joyce,* Ann Todd; *Cynthia,* Hattie McDaniel; *Boy Charlie,* Don Hayden; *Vi,* Hazel Dawn; *Wanda,* Vanessa Brown; *Senior,* Diana Herbert; *Jefferson,* Milton Parsons; *Matron,* Margaret Wells; *Arnold,* Warren Mills; *Debater,* Richard Kelton; *Salesman,* Tom Stevenson; *School Teacher,* Cecil Weston.

MY DARLING CLEMENTINE—20th Century-Fox: *Wyatt Earp,* Henry Fonda; *Chihuahua,* Linda Darnell; *Doc Holliday,* Victor Mature; *Old Man Clanton,* Walter Brennan; *Virgil Earp,* Tim Holt; *Clementine,* Cathy Downs; *Morgan Earp;* Ward Bond; *Thorndyke,* Alan Mowbray; *Billy Clanton,* John Ireland; *Mayor,* Roy Roberts; *Kate Nelson,* Jane Darwell; *Ike Clanton,* Grant Withers; *Bartender,* J. Farrell MacDonald; *John Simpson,* Russell Simpson; *James Earp,* Don Garner; *Town Drunk,* Francis Ford; *Barber,* Ben Hall; *Hotel Clerk,* Arthur Walsh; *Stage Driver,* Ronald J. Pennick; *Francois,* Louis Mercier; *Sam Clanton,* Mickey Simpson.

NOCTURNE—RKO: *Joe Warne,* George Raft; *Frances Ransom,* Lynn Bari; *Carol Page,* Virginia Huston; *Fingers,* Joseph Pevney; *Susan,* Myrna Dell; *Vincent,* Edward Ashley; *Halberson,* Walter Sande; *Mrs. Warne,* Mabel Paige; *Torp,* Bernard Hoffman; *Queenie,* Queenie Smith.

PERFECT MARRIAGE, THE—Wallis-Paramount: *Maggie Williams,* Loretta Young; *Dale Williams,* David Niven; *Gil Cummins,* Eddie Albert; *Dale Williams Sr.,* Charlie Ruggles; *Gloria,* Virginia Field; *Mabel,* Rita Johnson; *Rosa,* Zasu Pitts; *Cookie Williams,* Nona Griffith; *Corinne Williams,* Nana Bryant; *Addison Manning,* Jerome Cowan; *Dolly Haggerty,* Louella Gear; *Peter Haggerty,* Howard Freeman.

STRANGE WOMAN, THE—Chertok-UA: *Jenny Hager,* Hedy Lamarr; *Tim Hager,* Dennis Hoey; *Isaiah Poster,* Gene Lockhart; *Ephriam Poster,* Louis Hayward; *John Evered,* George Sanders; *Mrs. Hollis,* Olive Blakeney; *Rev. Thatcher,* Moroni Olsen; *Mrs. Thatcher,* Jessie Arnold; *Deacon Adams,* Rhys Williams; *Lena Tempest,* June Storey; *Judge Saladine,* Alan Napier; *Meg Saladine,* Hillary Brooke; *Lincoln Pittridge,* Ian Keith; *Mr. Partridge,* Edward Biby; *Miss Partridge,* Katherine York.

TEMPTATION—International: *Ruby,* Merle Oberon; *Nigel,* George Brent; *Baroudi,* Charles Korvin; *Isaacson,* Paul Lukas; *Marie,* Lenore Ulric; *Ahmed,* Arnold Moss; *Dr. Mueller,* Ludwig Stossel; *Smith-Barrington,* Gavin Muir; *Frau Mueller,* Ilka Gruning; *Hamza,* Robert Capa; *Don Gibbs,* John Eldredge; *Professor Dupont,* Andre Charlot; *Yvonne Dupont,* Suzanne Cloutier; *Jean McCormick,* Gloria Lloyd; *Mrs. McCormick,* Mary Young; *Dr. Harding,* Aubrey Mather; *Abdullah,* Samir Ritzkallah; *Ibrahim,* Egon Brecher.

YEARLING, THE—M-G-M: *Penny Baxter,* Gregory Peck; *Ma Baxter,* Jane Wyman; *Jody Baxter,* Claude Jarman Jr.; *Buck Forrester,* Chill Wills; *Pa Forrester,* Clem Bevans; *Ma Forrester,* Margaret Wycherly; *Mr. Boyles,* Henry Travers; *Lem Forrester,* Forrest Tucker; *Gabby Forrester,* Matt Willis; *Millwheel Forrester,* Dan White; *Pack Forrester,* George Mann; *Arch Forrester,* Arthur Hohl; *Fodderwing,* Donn Gift; *Eulalie Boyles,* Joan Wells; *Oliver,* Jeff York; *Twink Weatherby,* June Lockhart; *Doc Wilson,* B. M. "Chick" York.

Brief Reviews

✓✓✓ Indicates picture rated "outstanding" when reviewed
✓✓ Indicates picture rated "very good" when reviewed
✓ Indicates picture rated "good" when reviewed

✓*ABIE'S IRISH ROSE*—Bing Crosby-UA: Dealing with the lighter aspects of racial relations, this is mildly amusing. Joanne Dru plays the colleen with assurance; Richard Morris makes *Abie* very likable; George E. Stone and Vera Gordon are the peacemakers. (Dec.)

✓*ANGEL ON MY SHOULDER*—Rogers-UA: In this experiment in the realm of fantasy and the afterworld. Paul Muni is magnificent as the murdered gangster who wakes up in hades; Claude Rains has a high old time as *Beelzebub* himself; Anne Baxter is the only one remotely resembling an angel. (Dec.)

BACHELOR'S DAUGHTERS, THE—Stone-UA: Four phony "sisters" play at a game of make-believe in an effort to improve their respective fortunes. Gail Russell, Claire Trevor, Ann Dvorak and Jane Wyatt go looking for trouble, adopting as their "parents" Adolphe Menjou and Billie Burke. (Dec.)

✓*BIG SLEEP, THE*—Warners: This is full of action, Bogart and Bacall and murders. Bogart is the detective hired to straighten out an old general's affairs, which are all mixed up by Lauren Bacall and Martha Vickers. Bogie dashes about from corpse to corpse and takes time off to give Lauren the eye. (Oct.)

BLACK ANGEL—Universal: Suspects keep piling up, Peter Lorre among them, in this mediocre mystery involving John Phillips as an innocent bystander, convicted of killing Constance Dowling. (Nov.)

BLACK BEAUTY—20th Century-Fox: A girl's passionate attachment for her horse and the adventures that befall them both comprise the theme of this one, set in rural England. Mona Freeman and Richard Denning provide the romantic interest, Evelyn Ankers an obstacle. For the small fry. (Dec.)

BLONDE FOR A DAY—PRC: If you happen to be a *Michael Shayne* addict, you may not mind viewing these proceedings revolving around crooked gamblers and blackmailers. Hugh Beaumont plays a whimsical sleuth, Kathryn Adams his *Girl Friday.* (Nov.)

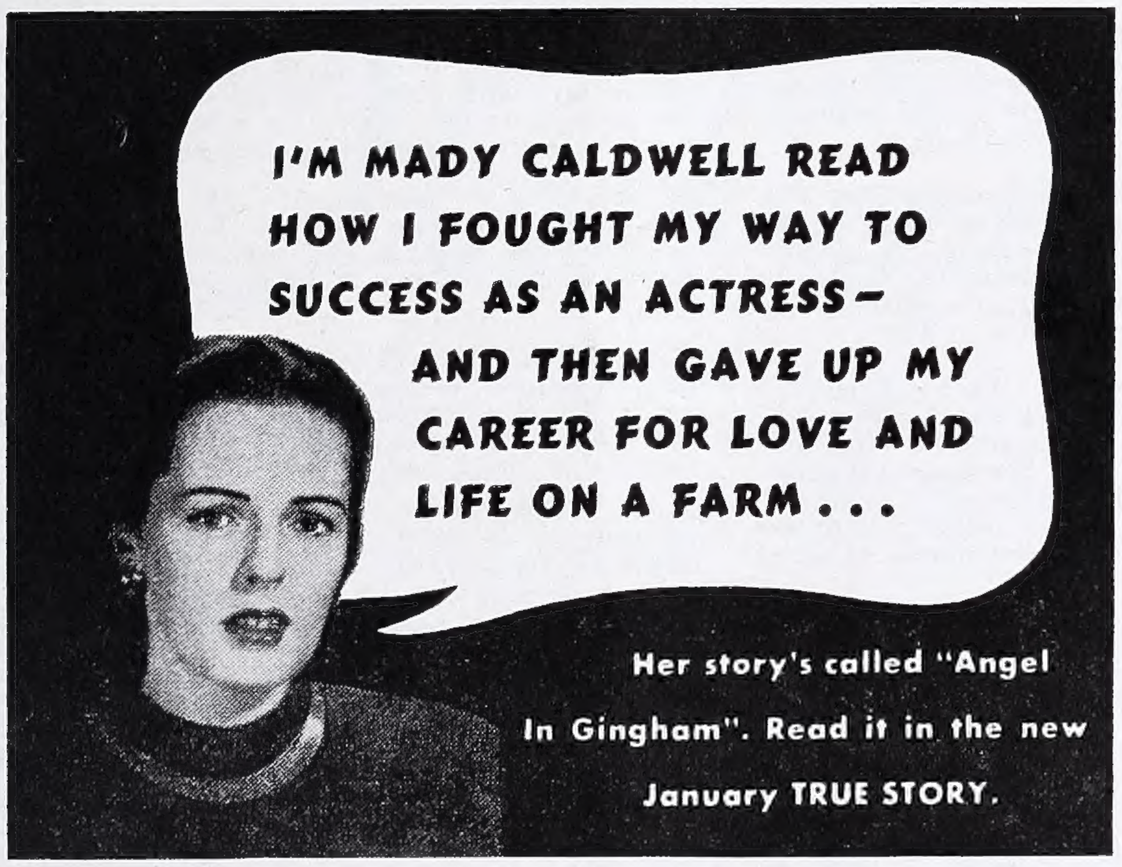
✓✓*BLUE SKIES*—Paramount: Fred Astaire's dancing reaches its peak in this nostalgic Technicolor musical featuring Irving Berlin's haunting melodies.

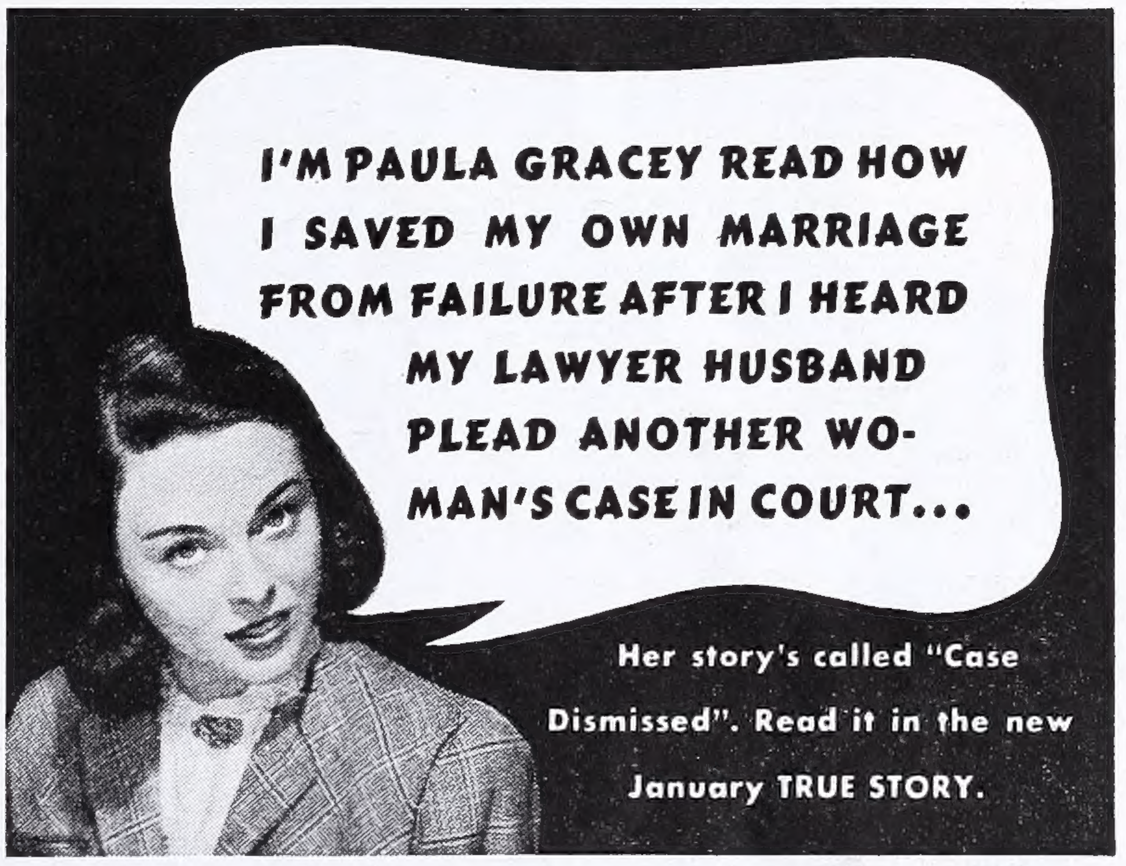
(*Continued on page* 104)

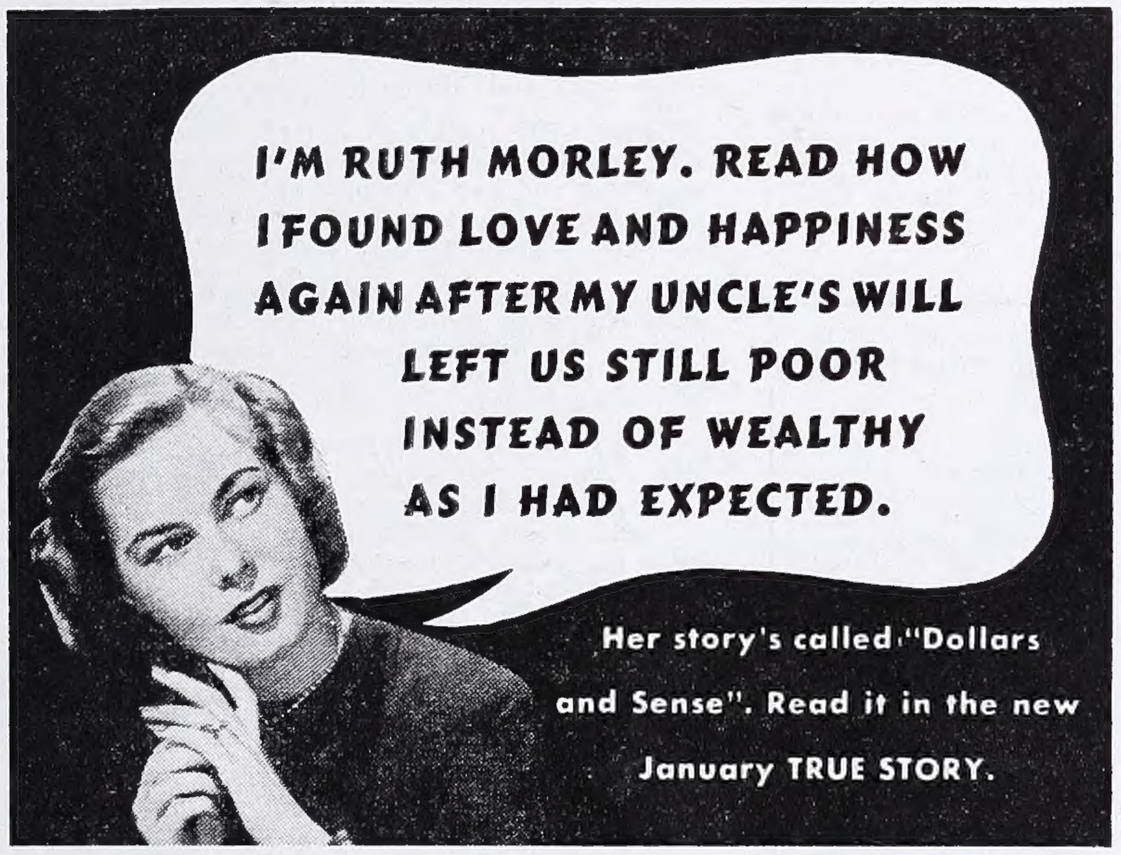
Here are just 4 of the 22 great stories and valuable features in the new

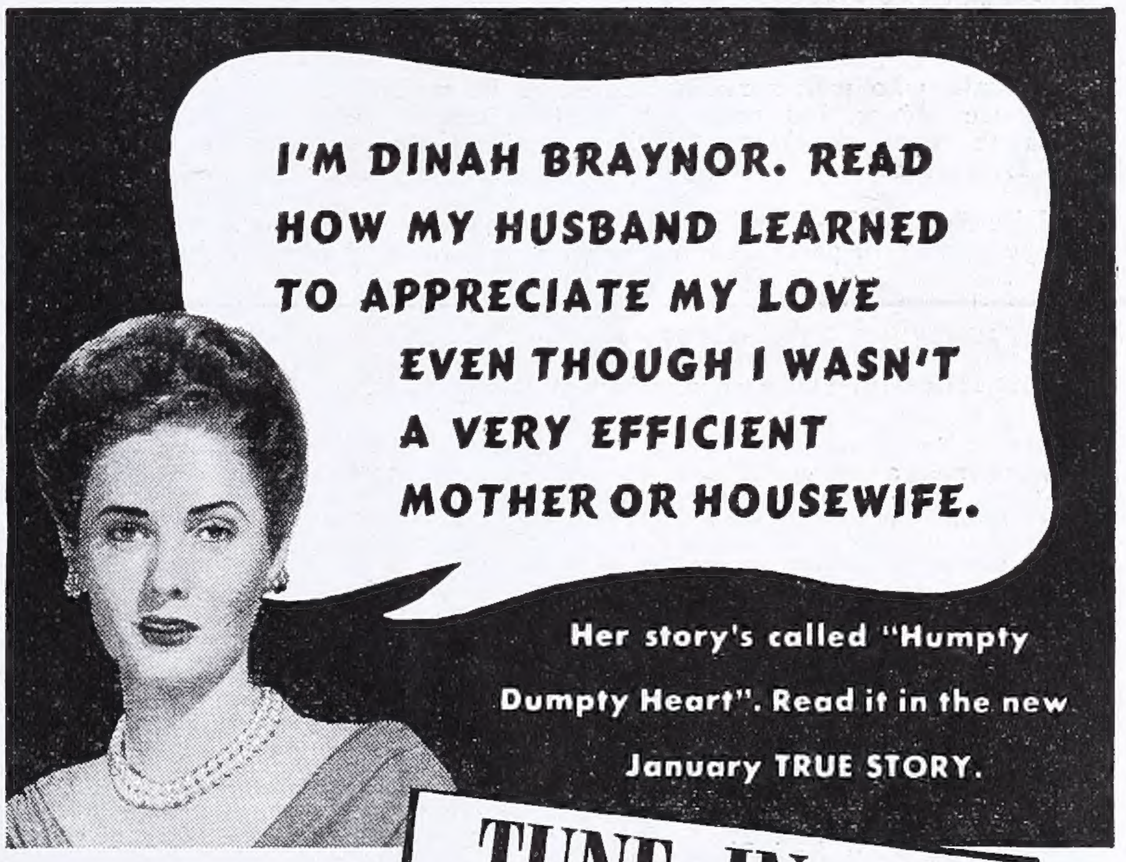
January TRUE STORY Magazine

Now on sale at your favorite newsstand









Yes, those are just the high lights of four of the revealing true-to-life stories in the big new January TRUE STORY. And like all the other gripping and inspiring stories in this great issue, they're stories about problems faced by women just like yourself—and your neighbors and friends.

You won't want to miss a single one of these heart-warming, real-life experiences. So . . . for hours and hours of grand reading pleasure this month—and every month, follow the example of 2½ million women just like yourself . . . step up to your favorite newsstand today and ask for the new January TRUE STORY.

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TUNE IN....

Every morning Monday thru Friday to "My True Story" 10:00 EST 9:00 CST 11:30 MST 10:30 PST American Broadcasting Company Every morning a complete true-to-life story is broadcast.

(*Continued from page* 102)

Bing Crosby as the restless night club owner was never in better voice, and Joan Caulfield as heart interest for Fred and Bing is beautiful. (Oct.)

✓*BRIEF ENCOUNTER*—Noel Coward-Cineguild: This British production deals with an emotional crisis in an English matron's life. Celia Johnson plays the woman, Trevor Howard the man who provides a "brief encounter" with romance, forcing her into making her hardest decision. (Nov.)

✓*CAESAR AND CLEOPATRA*—Pascal-UA: This is strictly in the limited-appeal category, although the settings are perfection and every detail of the period is meticulously observed. Claude Rains plays Caesar, the conqueror, given to dashing off philosophic remarks, and Vivien Leigh is the young Cleopatra whom Rains teaches to be queen. (Oct.)

✓*CANYON PASSAGE*—Universal: A true-to-form Western done in Technicolor, with Dana Andrews as the earnest young colonist, Brian Donlevy as a gambler and Susan Hayward as the feminine foil. There's a touch of murder, some bloody fist fights and an Indian raid executed with wild abandon. (Oct.)

✓✓*CLAUDIA AND DAVID*—20th Century-Fox: A cozy little picture is this new episode of *Claudia and David*, played by Dorothy McGuire and Robert Young. Dorothy becomes jealous of Young and his client, Mary Astor, and Young in turn gets jealous of Dorothy and her new found friend, John Sutton. (Oct.)

✓✓*CLOAK AND DAGGER*—Warners: Starting off with some hold-your-breath scenes, this "now it can be told" film has Gary Cooper as an American chemist in German-occupied Italy. Gary takes time from his OSS activities for a bit of romancing with Lili Palmer. (Nov.)

✓*COCKEYED MIRACLE, THE*—M-G-M: This has Frank Morgan and Keenan Wynn as two spirits who have a fine time observing their human counterparts. Morgan has a few earthly matters to clear up—financial affairs and the romance of his daughter, Audrey Totter, with Richard Quine. (Oct.)

✓✓*DARK MIRROR, THE*—Universal-International: Olivia de Havilland, Lew Ayres and Thomas Mitchell make the old idea of twin sisters—one good, the other bad—seem fairly fresh and believable. Both girls are suspected when a doctor-acquaintance is found fatally stabbed. (Dec.)

DOWN MISSOURI WAY—PRC: A college-educated mule takes the lead in this. William Wright is a producer who comes to the Ozarks to shoot a motion picture on Martha O'Driscoll's farm. John Carradine, Roscoe Ates, Eddie Dean and Mabel Todd are all around the place. (Oct.)

EARL CARROL SKETCHBOOK—Republic: William Marshall, who writes radio jingles, is beloved by Constance Moore, but goes for Hillary Brooks. Vera Vague reaps chuckles with her manhunting. Edward Everett Horton does his best. (Nov.)

G. I. WAR BRIDES—Republic: This spotty film is an attention-getter in parts. Anna Lee plays a stowaway on a boat of British war brides sailing to America. Carol Savage provides her with credentials so she can join William Henry. But along comes James Ellison to make her change her mind. (Nov.)

✓✓✓*HENRY V*—Two Cities-UA: Laurence Olivier brings a brilliant living classic to modern life, playing Shakespeare's Henry V with restraint, humor and spirit. The battle of Henry at Agincourt will be long remembered. Renee Asherson stands out as Princess Katherine. A masterpiece of realistic color and action that spells topnotch entertainment. (Nov.)

✓✓*HOLIDAY IN MEXICO*—M-G-M: This is full of color, interest and breath-taking melody. Against a storybook Technicolor background of the American Embassy in Mexico, Jane Powell plays the daughter of Ambassador Walter Pidgeon with Roddy McDowall as her infatuated swain. Jose Iturbi, Xavier Cugat and Ilona Massey contribute fun. (Nov.)

✓*HOME SWEET HOMICIDE*—20th Century-Fox: A fresh slant on whodunits with a look at three hellions—Peggy Ann Garner, Dean Stockwell and Connie Marshall—as they try to solve a murder. Lynn Bari is their mystery-writer mother, Randolph Scott and James Gleason detectives. (Oct.)

IF I'M LUCKY—20th Century-Fox: See this if Harry James' trumpet and Perry Como's songs "send" you, otherwise skip it. Carmen Miranda struts plenty of her stuff and Vivian Blaine sings in this trumped-up story of politicians and crooners. (Nov.)

INVISIBLE INFORMER, THE—Republic: The gross total of this supposedly scary story about a stolen emerald necklace is boredom. A gloomy Southern plantation with a bog for hiding bodies is the set-up for all the dirty work. Linda Stirling and Bill Henry can't make this anything. (Nov.)

✓✓*I'VE ALWAYS LOVED YOU*—Republic: You'll enjoy this provided it's up your musical alley. It introduces a lovely new star, Catherine McLeod. The story of her infatuation with her famous pianist-teacher (Philip Dorn) and her marriage to a simple farmer (William Carter) is told in Technicolor to the music of Beethoven, Wagner, Rachmaninoff. (Dec.)

✓✓✓*JOLSON STORY, THE*—Columbia: A life story with plenty of life to it, this Technicolor film will leave American audiences aglow. Al Jolson's heydays are brought back magnificently by Larry Parks and a splendid supporting cast, including Evelyn Keyes and William Demarest. (Nov.)

✓✓*KILLERS, THE*—Universal: Here's a fast action thriller with a Hemingway plot that will make strong men quiver. Two killers enter a town at night, and one man is murdered. There's good old-fashioned gangster play-acting with Edmond O'Brien as an investigator, Ava Gardner as a moll and Burt Lancaster as the murdered man. (Nov.)

✓*LADY LUCK*—RKO: You'll get some uninhibited laughs at Frank Morgan's antics as the incurable gambler who's reduced to a three-dollar-a-week allowance from his granddaughter Barbara Hale. Robert Young's another gambler whom Barbara marries thinking he's reformed. (Oct.)

LAST BOMB, THE—Warners: Made in cooperation with U. S. Army Air Forces, this Technicolor short is an awe-inspiring spectacle of the huge striking force used against Japan early in 1945. As a permanent record of how our Air Forces accomplished their great mission, this first-rate documentary film outdoes any fiction the screen writers can devise. (Dec.)

✓✓*MAN I LOVE, THE*—Warners: Ida Lupino never looked more glamorous than she does in this tale about a night club singer who carries a torch for Bruce Bennett, and who is pursued by wolfish Robert Alda. Andrea King handles the role of Ida's sister sympathetically, but it's La Lupino's picture plus some Gershwin and Kern song hits. (Dec.)

✓*MONSIEUR BEAUCAIRE*—Paramount: A Bob Hope comedy in which he plays a barber from the court of Louis XV of France who's forced to impersonate the court playboy. With Patric Knowles, Joan Caulfield and Marjorie Reynolds. (Oct.)

MR. ACE—UA: A second-rate movie in which politician Sylvia Sidney, running for governor, seems to worry more about her hats and her love affairs than her campaign. As the political boss, George Raft employs all his usual gangsterish tricks. (Oct.)

NIGHT IN PARADISE—Wanger-Universal: This ridiculous story has Turhan Bey unhappily playing a juiced-up version of *Aesop*, the fable teller, who falls in love with Princess Merle Oberon. The princess is about to marry *Croesus* when Turhan reveals that he's really a handsome young man (Oct.)

NO LEAVE, NO LOVE—M-G-M: Not so good film with Van Johnson as a Marine homeward bound to marry his girl who has wed another. Keenan Wynn, Pat Kirkwood and tycoon Edward Arnold are in it. (Nov.)

✓✓*NOTORIOUS*—RKO: Intrigue south of the border, beautifully packaged by Alfred Hitchcock and delivered by competents Ingrid Bergman, Cary Grant and Claude Rains. Cary and Ingrid set off for Rio where they meet intrigue and danger. (Oct.)

✓✓*RAIDER, THE*—English Films: Fact and fiction are blended in this picture with a cast of non-professionals, formerly attached to the allied navies. Most exciting scene is a duel between a German U-boat and an English ship, seeking to rescue men adrift in a lifeboat. (Dec.)

✓*RENDEZVOUS WITH ANNIE*—Republic: This light farce offers a look at a soldier's life with Eddie Albert playing the homesick husband and Faye Marlowe the bride he left behind. Some big laughs over little incidents with Eddie Faye, Gail Patrick, Philip Reed and Sir C. Aubrey Smith. (Nov.)

SHOW-OFF, THE—M-G-M: The rich humor of George Kelly's play is lost here. Red Skelton struggles with the role of *Aubrey Piper* whose in-laws find him hard to take. Marilyn Maxwell is the wife who loves him, and Marjorie Main plays *Mom*. (Nov.)

✓✓*SISTER KENNY*—RKO: The story of Sister Kenny's discovery of a new treatment for infantile paralysis and her lifelong fight to get that treatment recognized. It's a remarkable film, with Rosalind Russell, Alexander Knox and Dean Jagger. (Oct.)

STEP BY STEP—RKO: Step by step, this gets more and more implausible. The mysterious goings-on include the disappearance of blonde Anne Jeffreys and a corpse on the sofa. Handsome Laurence Tierney is unhappily involved. (Nov.)

✓✓*STRANGE LOVE OF MARTHA IVERS, THE*—Wallis-Paramount: Dramatic fare with Van Heflin as a hardened veteran who picks up probationer Lizabeth Scott, gets beaten up by thugs and comes back in order to discover why his childhood girl, Barbara Stanwyck, and her husband, Kirk Douglas, want to get him out of town. (Oct.)

✓✓*THEY WERE SISTERS*—Rank-Universal: James Mason is at his sadistic best as the man whose dark moods leave a sinister effect on the lives of three sisters. (Oct.)

✓✓*THREE LITTLE GIRLS IN BLUE*—20th Century-Fox: "Delightful" is the word for this musical treat starring June Haver, Vivian Blaine and Vera-Ellen. June is a husband hunter; Vivian plays her secretary, Vera-Ellen her maid, and George Montgomery and Frank Latimore are playboys of 1908 vintage. Brisk and bouncing all the way. (Dec.)

✓*TIME, THE PLACE AND THE GIRL, THE*—Warners: A trite tale about a rich gal who leads a sheltered life until she tangles up with some night club entertainers. Dennis Morgan gives Martha Vickers a whirl; Jack Carson and Janis Paige are pals; S. Z. Sakall is Martha's grandpa. (Dec.)

✓✓*TWO YEARS BEFORE THE MAST*—Paramount: Dana's famous saga of men and sailing ships comes to the screen in strong-armed fashion with Brian Donlevy playing Dana effectively and William Bendix cracking a merciless whip over the seamen. Alan Ladd is the ship owner's son, shanghaied aboard his father's vessel, with Howard de Silva, Barry Fitzgerald and Esther Fernandez. (Dec.)

UNDER NEVADA SKIES—Republic: The big point of this is that the atom bomb is here to stay, having finally caught up with the Roy Rogers series. With Dale Evans and Gabby Hayes. (Nov.)

✓*WHITE TIE AND TAILS*—Universal-International: What happens when a gentleman's gentleman steps out of his class is amusingly told here. With Dan Duryea and Ella Raines. (Dec.)

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933, of PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR, published monthly at Dunellen, N. J., for October 1, 1946

State of New York }
County of New York } ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Meyer Dworkin, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Secretary of PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are: Publisher, Macfadden Publications, Inc., 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.; Editor, Fred R. Sammis, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.; Managing Editor, Helen Gilmore, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.: Secretary, Meyer Dworkin, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member must be given.) Macfadden Publications, Inc., 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. Stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock in Macfadden Publications, Inc.: Orr J. Elder, 276 Harrison Street, East Orange, N. J.; Henry Lieferant, 54 Riverside Drive, New York, N. Y.; (Mrs.) Elizabeth Machlin, 299 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.; (Mrs.) Margaret Machlin, Beaver Dam Road, Stratford, Conn.; Arnold A. Schwartz, c/o A. A. Whitford, Inc., 705 Park Avenue, Plainfield, N. J.; Charles H. Shattuck, 221 N. La Salle Street, Chicago, Ill.; Harold Wise, 11 Mamaroneck Road, Scarsdale, N. Y.; King & Co., c/o City Bank Farmers Trust Co., 22 William Street, New York 15, N. Y.; Carl M. Loeb, Rhodes & Co., 61 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are (If there are none so state): Orr J. Elder, 276 Harrison Street, East Orange, N. J.; Mary Macfadden, 406 E. Linden Avenue, Englewood, N. J.; Charles Mendel, 720 West End Avenue, New York 25, N. Y.; Carroll Rheinstrom, 300 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Charles H. Shattuck, 221 N. La Salle Street, Chicago, Ill. City Bank Farmers Trust Company, et al, 22 William Street, New York 15, N. Y., as Trustees for: Mary Macfadden, Beulah Macfadden, Berwyn Macfadden, Brewster Macfadden, Braunda Macfadden, Helen Wiegers, Brynece Mackerman, Beverly Hebert.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner, and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the twelve months preceding the date shown above is (This information is required from daily publications only).

(Signed) MEYER DWORKIN

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 25th day of September, 1946.
(SEAL)

TULLIO MUCELLI,
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